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SEPTEMBER
ISSUE



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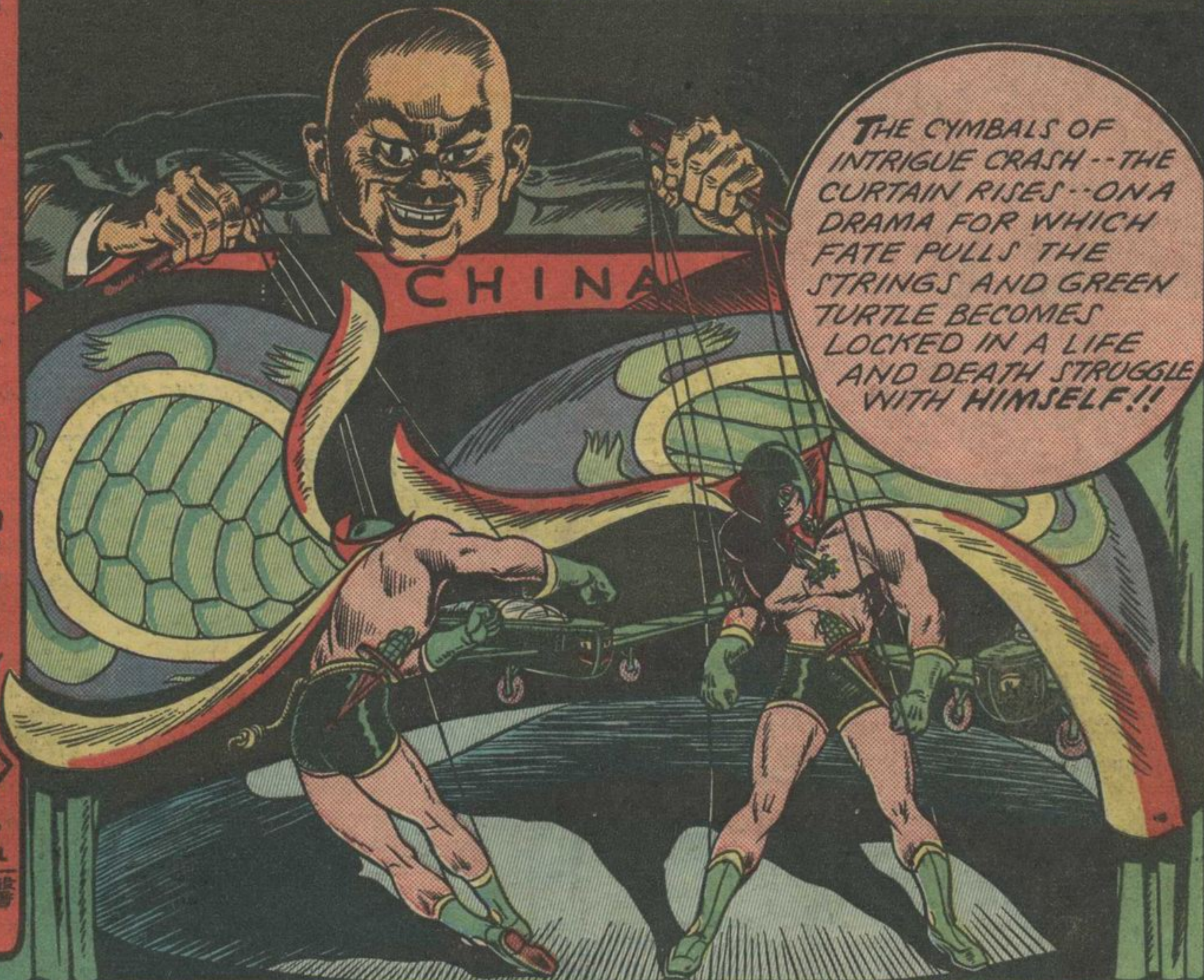
Ka
FAMILY



LUCKY
SYMBOL



The GREEN TURTLE



THE WHEELS OF JAPANESE CONSPIRACY REVOLVE AT HIGH SPEED AS GENERAL KIMONAK MEETS WITH HIS STAFF--THE TOPIC UNDER CONSIDERATION IS HOW TO DESTROY

IF WE CAN DESTROY THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S FAITH IN THE MAN BY BREAKING DOWN HIS REPUTATION, WE SHALL HAVE ACCOMPLISHED OUR PURPOSE!

THE GREEN TURTLE!

BANZAI!



MEANWHILE, IN THE LAIR OF THE GREEN TURTLE...

YOU SEE, BURMA BOY, THE ALLIES WILL STOP THE LATEST JAP DRIVE INTO INDIA RIGHT HERE - AT THIS POINT...



BUT CAN THEY BE CERTAIN THE JAPS WILL GO THROUGH THAT SECTOR?

THERE IS A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION - -

GREEN TURTLE! YES, WUN TOO? WHAT IS IT THAT SO EXCITES YOU?



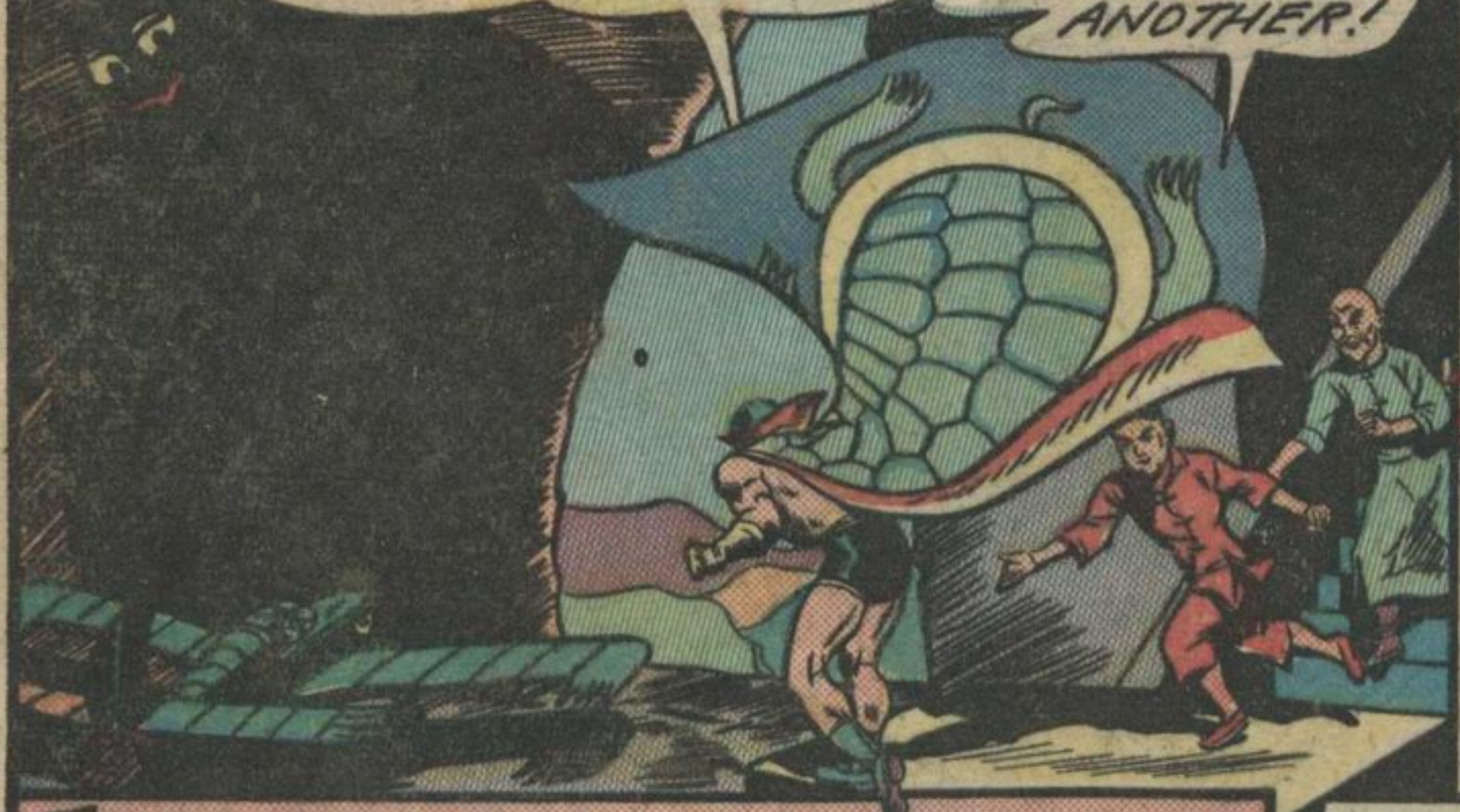
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED AN URGENT CALL FROM CHINESE GUERRILLA UNIT EIGHT-- IT IS FEARED THAT GENERAL KIMONAK IS ADVANCING ON THEM!

WHAT? THAT IS NOT POSSIBLE!



YOU STAY HERE THIS TIME, BURMA BOY-- I ONLY WANT TO CHECK THAT STORY! GENERAL KIMONAK'S ARMY HASN'T BEEN ANYWHERE NEAR THAT PART OF CHINA!

IT IS WISELY SAID, ONE MAN MUST NEVER PLAN HIS COURSE FROM THE ACTIONS OF ANOTHER!



GREEN TURTLE'S ROCKET PLANE ZOOMS INTO THE ETHER SHORT MINUTES LATER - - -

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE THAT GENERAL KIMONAK CAN BE ANYWHERE NEAR SECTOR EIGHT!



TURTLE IS RIGHT-- FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT IN GENERAL KIMONAK'S CAMP, DEEP INSIDE JAP-HELD CHINA...

HA! OUR PLAN SHALL WORK! SEE?! GENERAL, THE REPORT HAS JUST COME THROUGH THAT GREEN TURTLE HAS FALLEN FOR OUR TRAP!



HAVE LIEUTENANT TASUTO REPORT TO ME IMMEDIATELY!



HO! GENERAL KIMONAK HAS A GREAT SURPRISE IN STORE FOR THE GREEN TURTLE!

THIS ROCKET SHIP I HAVE CAUSED TO BE BUILT PERFORMS EXACTLY AS HIS DOES! NOW WHERE IS LIEUTENANT TASATU?

HE COMES NOW, HONORABLE SIR!

BANZAI! LIEUTENANT, YOUR DISGUISE IS EXCELLENT! NO ONE HAS YET SEEN THE FACE OF THE TURTLE, HENCE OUR MASQUERADE CANNOT FAIL!

YOU HAVE FULL INSTRUCTIONS, LIEUTENANT! REMEMBER, YOU DIE FOR YOUR GLORIOUS EMPEROR! BUT, DO NOT FIRST FAIL TO DESPOIL THE FABULOUS REPUTATION OF THE GREEN TURTLE!

I WILL NOT FAIL!

SOMETIME LATER, AT A CHINESE GUERRILLA CAMP...

LOOK-- IT IS CHING QUAI WHO HONORS OUR FIELD!

THIS ONE WILL WAGER HE BEARS GOOD NEWS!

PATRIOTS, I HAVE INFORMATION THAT GENERAL KIMONAK IS AT GO-WAI VILLAGE! YOU MUST ATTACK AT ONCE, BEFORE HE CAN GATHER FORCES!

KIMONAK!! HA-- GREEN TURTLE INDEED BRINGS GOOD TIDINGS!

THE GUERRILLA TROOPS ADVANCE CAUTIOUSLY UPON THE TOWN OF GO-WAI!

CHING QUAI GUIDES US FROM ABOVE!

I SEE NO MOVEMENT IN THE TOWN-- THINK YOU THAT THE ENEMY HAS BEEN WARNED?

THE JAPS ARE PREPARED -- A SUDDEN ATTACK FROM BEHIND! ANOTHER JAP STAB IN THE BACK!

WE HAVE THE DOGS CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!

YAH HHH!

HA! PERHAPS NOW THE FOOLS WILL BEGIN TO DOUBT THE TRUTH OF GREEN TURTLE'S WORD AND SYMPATHIES!

AND, ON THE GROUND, BLOOD RUNS FREELY...

I-I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, BUT I MUST GET AWAY AND WARN THE OTHERS THAT WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED!

MEANWHILE, GREEN TURTLE HAS REACHED HIS DESTINATION ONLY TO FIND ---

THAT ABANDONED JAP STAFF CAR IS THE ONLY SIGN OF A JAP AROUND HERE! GENERAL KIMONAK ISN'T AROUND THIS SECTOR AT ALL -- I'LL CONTACT GUERRILLA UNIT EIGHT AND SEE WHAT GOES!

AT THIS VERY MOMENT, BACK IN THE TURTLE'S LAIR--

ALL PATRIOTS BEWARE THE GREEN TURTLE! THE REPORT HAS BEEN RECEIVED THAT HE HAS BETRAYED OUR TROOPS INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY!

BURMA BOY-- COME QUICKLY!

UNTIL THIS REPORT CAN BE DENIED OR DEFINITELY CONFIRMED, BEWARE THE GREEN TURTLE! WE REPEAT...

WHAT CAN IT MEAN, WUN TOO?

I DO NOT KNOW!

IT IS WISELY ADVISED: BELIEVE ONLY HALF OF WHAT ONE SEES AND NONE OF WHAT ONE HEARS!

YOU ARE RIGHT, BURMA BOY-- I ACCEPTED TOO EASILY AN UNHAPPY THOUGHT!

WUN-TOO - I AM GOING TO HELP HIM! GET OUT THE OTHER ROCKET PLANE FOR ME!

PERHAPS I SHOULD NOT LET YOU, BUT THIS TIME, I THINK GREEN TURTLE WOULD NOT MIND!



BURMA BOY ROCKETS OUT IN SEARCH OF THE GREEN TURTLE-- AND TRUTH!

WUN-TOO, WHY DID BURMA BOY TAKE THE TURTLE'S SHIP?

PERHAPS THE FATE OF CHINA RESTS UPON BURMA BOY'S FLIGHT! MUCH HAS OCCURED WHILE YOU RESTED, RA-TIN!



I MUST FIND HIM! OH, THERE HE IS... ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE LAIR!



WHAT HAS HAPPENED? TURTLE IS FIRING ON THOSE PEASANTS!

BUT, BURMA BOY HAS COME UPON TASATU!



AS TASATU PULLS OUT OF HIS DIVE, HE SEES BURMA BOY'S PLANE --

WHA-- IT IS THE TURTLE HIMSELF! NOW I MUST DIE!



NO! I DO NOT WISH TO DIE! PERHAPS I CAN HONOR MYSELF AND THE EMPEROR THROUGH THE DEATH OF THE GREEN TURTLE!

OH! TURTLE IS ATTACKING ME! BUT, WHY? HE MUST KNOW IT WOULD BE ME IN THIS PLANE!



MEANTIME, THE REAL GREEN TURTLE HAS SET HIS ROCKET PLANE DOWN AT THE CAMP OF GUERRILLA UNIT EIGHT!

LOOK-- THE GREEN TURTLE COMES! WE MUST CATCH HIM!

I'LL FIND OUT NOW WHY THEY SENT ME OUT ON THAT FALSE ALARM!





WHAT KIND OF TREATMENT IS THIS FROM MEMBERS OF A REPUBLIC-- DO I NOT DESERVE A TRIAL AT LEAST?

THE WITNESSES HAVE SPOKEN, THE SENTENCE WAS PASSED 'READY!'



JUST THEN--

CHAN! HOLD! LOOK UP IN THE SKY!

WHAT IS THIS? HOW CAN IT BE?



I SEE TWO TURTLE SHIPS DOING BATTLE ABOVE-- BUT THAT CANNOT BE POSSIBLE!

SEE, CHAN-- PERHAPS IT IS I WHO HAVE BEEN BETRAYED!



THE DUEL IN THE SKY COMES TO A FLAMING END AS ONE OF THE TURTLE SHIPS BURSTS OUT IN FIRE!



I ONLY PRAY THAT IS NOT BURMA BOY!



I FREE YOU, TURTLE-- IT IS EVIDENT THAT WE HAVE ACTED IN HASTE!

HURRY, CHAN-- I MUST KNOW WHO IS IN THAT ROCKET PLANE!



BURMA BOY STEPS FROM THE UNDAMAGED PLANE ---

TURTLE!! BURMA BOY! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! COME-- LET'S SEE WHO WAS IN THAT OTHER PLANE!

A JAP-- QUITE DEAD NOW! SEARCH HIM FOR CREDENTIALS!

A JAP-- GREEN TURTLE, WE SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED THIS FROM THE VERY FIRST! IT WAS A TRICK!

TURTLE-- WE FOUND THIS MAP ON THE IMPOSTER SHOWING GENERAL KIMONAK'S TRUE POSITION!

HMM-- PERHAPS BURMA BOY AND I CAN RETALIATE! WE WILL RETURN TO THE GENERAL TO REPORT!

IT IS GOOD TO KNOW THAT GREEN TURTLE IS NOT A TRAITOR!

WUN-TOO HEARD THE GUERRILLA BROADCAST, AND I DECIDED YOU MIGHT NEED HELP!

HOW COME YOU BORROWED MY PLANE, BURMA? WHAT WERE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

MEANWHILE, BACK AT GENERAL KIMONAK'S QUARTERS!

HA! ALL OF CHINA IS SEEKING THE GREEN TURTLE-- FOR THE PURPOSE OF KILLING HIM! LIEUTENANT TASATU HAS DONE HIS JOB WELL!

EVEN AS KIMONAK SPEAKS, TURTLE ARRIVES...

BANZAI, LIEUTENANT TASATU! YOUR WORK HAS BEEN WELL DONE!

BANZAI, GENERAL-- FOOL!

TASATU!! WHAT-- NO! YOU ARE NOT TASATU!

OF COURSE NOT!! TASATU IS DEAD! YOUR PRETTY LITTLE SCHEME HAS BACKFIRED, GENERAL!

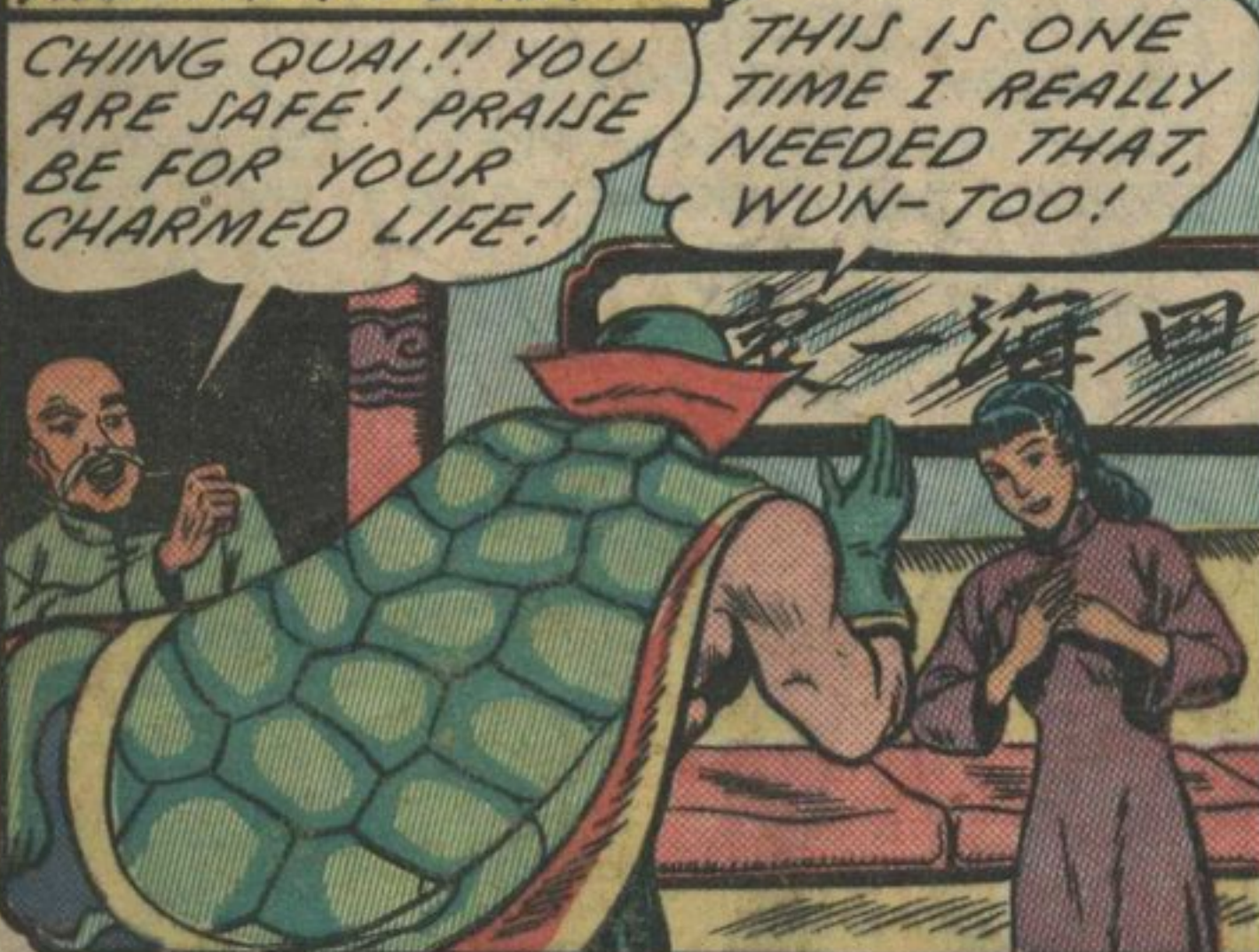


AS TURTLE RACES BACK TOWARD
HIS PLANE, THOUGH -- TWO MACHINE
GUNS OPEN UP ON HIM IN A
CROSS FIRE!

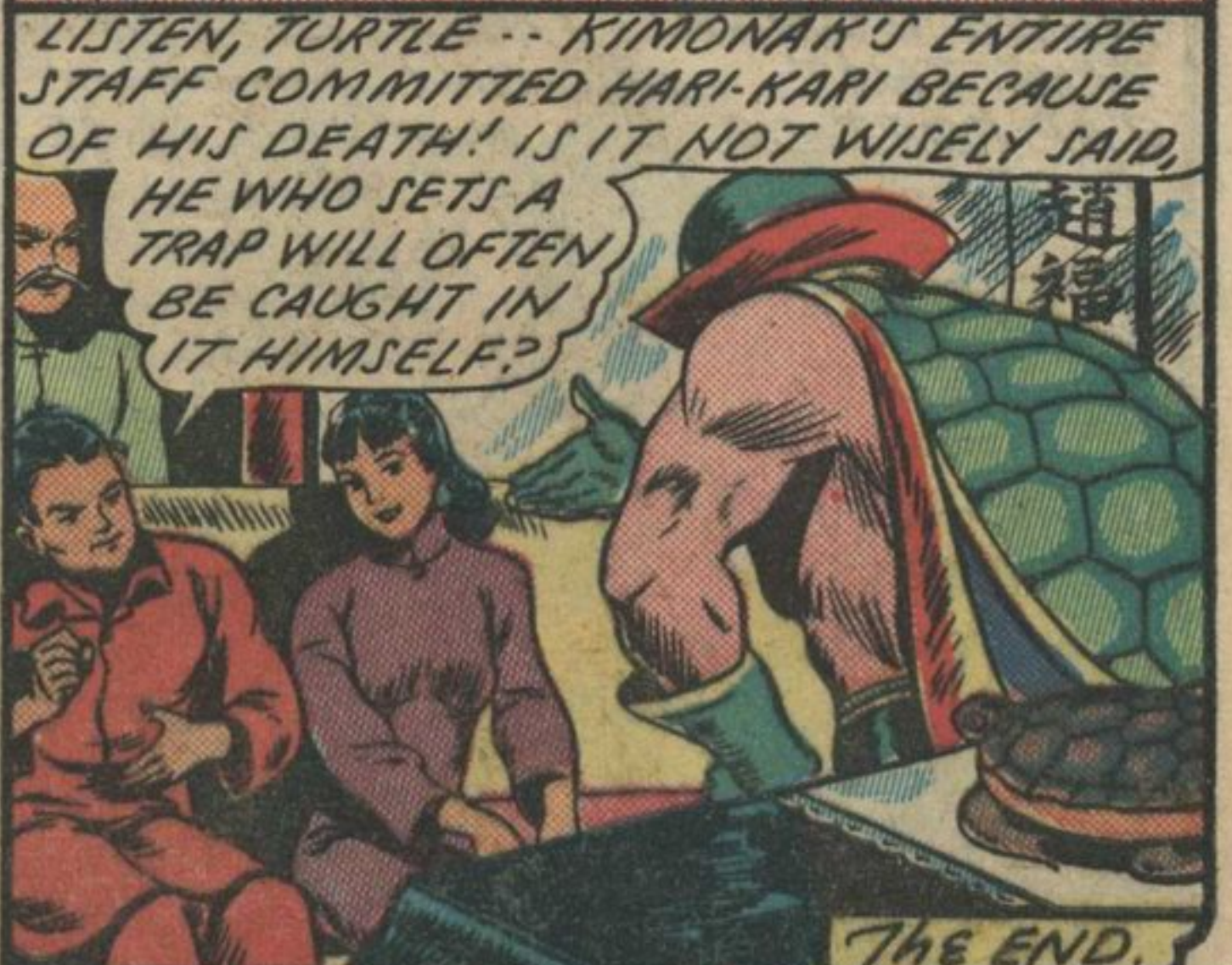
BLINDED WITH RAGE, THE JAPANESE
COMMANDER RACES AFTER THE ESCAPING
TURTLE ONLY TO BE CAUGHT BY THE
GUN FIRE OF HIS OWN MEN!



THE GREEN TURTLE AND BURMA BOY
ESCAPE SAFELY TO THE HIDDEN
MOUNTAIN LAIR ...



SOMETIME LATER, AS THEY LISTEN TO
THE SHORT WAVE BROADCASTS!



Tommy Paige



ALL-SET, TOMMY?
WE'RE GONNA
TAKE THAT
JAP FORT OR
ELSE --

ALL SET, LEATHER-
NECK! LET'S SHOVE
ON!

HEY, PAIGE--
HOLD UP!
THE COLONEL
SENT YOU A
MESSAGE!



TOMMY READS IT --

WELL, OF ALL THE DIRTY, LOW-
DOWN TRICKS! I'VE GOT
TO PLAY NURSEMAID TO
SOME RADIO MAN WHO
THINKS HE CAN RECORD
THE SOUND OF
BATTLE! NUTS!

SHALL
I BRING
HIM ON,
PAIGE?



HELLO, MR. PAIGE!

HUH?! OH--HOLY SM... UH, HELLO! HOW DID YOU GET OUT HERE?

PAIGE, I WANT YOU TO MEET ARCHIBALD ABERNATHY OF THE UNITED STATES BROADCASTING COMPANY!

GLAD TO MEET YOU-- IF YOU'RE READY, LET'S GET ROLLING!

I'M VERY ANXIOUS TO GET RIGHT UP ON THE FRONT LINES SO I CAN GET THE REAL SOUND OF WAR! IT WILL BE A TREMENDOUS THRILL TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME!

UH--MAYBE YOU'LL GET A THRILL OUT OF IT, TOO!

I PRESUME THIS MAY BE VERY DANGEROUS!

MR. ABERNATHY-- I'LL GET YOU AS FAR INTO THE LINES AS YOU WANT TO GO! GETTING BACK IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN!

MR PAIGE-- CAN WE GET UP ON THAT HILL AND PERHAPS SEE THE VARIOUS OPERATIONS?

IT'S SHEER SUICIDE, BUT WE CAN DO IT!

WELL, THEN LET'S GO!

OKAY, PAL-- MY ORDERS ARE TO TAKE YOU WHEREVER YOU WANT TO GO! SO, IF IT'S HILLS YOU WANT TO CLIMB-- WE CLIMB!

SEE-- THOSE ARE THE JAP POSITIONS DOWN THERE! JUST INCIDENTALLY, WE'RE PERFECT TARGETS FOR THEM TO PRACTICE ON!

THIS IS A VERY FINE SPOT TO WORK FROM, I WOULD SAY! HELP ME UNLOAD MY EQUIPMENT!

HOLY GEE -- DOES IT
TAKE ALL THIS STUFF
TO MAKE ONE
LITTLE RECORD?

YES-- AND
THIS IS AN
ABSOLUTE
MINIMUM OF
ESSENTIAL
EQUIPMENT!

YOU HAVE ARMY CLEARANCE
TO TAKE PICTURES, TOO--
I HOPE?

I HAVE OVER-
LOOKED NOTHING!
NOW, IN SETTING
UP THIS APPARATUS,
YOU DO JUST AS I
TELL YOU, AND
NOTHING WILL
GO WRONG!

HEY, WHAT'S THE
TRIPOD FOR?

IF I SEE ANY
INTERESTING
SHOTS, I'LL PHOTO-
GRAPH THEM!

MEANTIME, DOWN IN
THE VALLEY -- --

WHAT
OCCURS,
CAPTAIN?
WHAT IS
MOVEMENT
UP
THERE?

TWO OF
THEM SEEM
TO ESTABLISH
POSITION
ON HILL -
BUT EXACT
NATURE OF
WEAPONS IS
MYSTERIOUS!

PERHAPS IT IS SOME
NEW YANKEE SECRET
WEAPON!

IT IS QUITE
POSSIBLE! WE
MUST TAKE
MEASURES!

ORDER OUT THE
BOMBERS!

YES,
SIR!

MINUTES LATER --

OUR BOMBERS WILL
SOON REMOVE ALL
TRACE OF THIS
STRANGE WEAPON!



HERE COME SOME PLANES-- ARE THEY OURS?

THOSE LITTLE RED CIRCLES AREN'T STARS!! DUCK, BUDDY-- THOSE JAPS ARE HEADING THIS WAY!



THAT WOULD BE SILLY-- THE JAPS WOULDN'T SEND OUT A HALF-DOZEN PLANES TO BOMB US! I WANT TO CATCH THE SOUND OF THEIR MOTORS!

I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING...



YOU'LL CATCH MORE THAN SOUND IF YOU DON'T TAKE COVER, ABBY! DUCK!

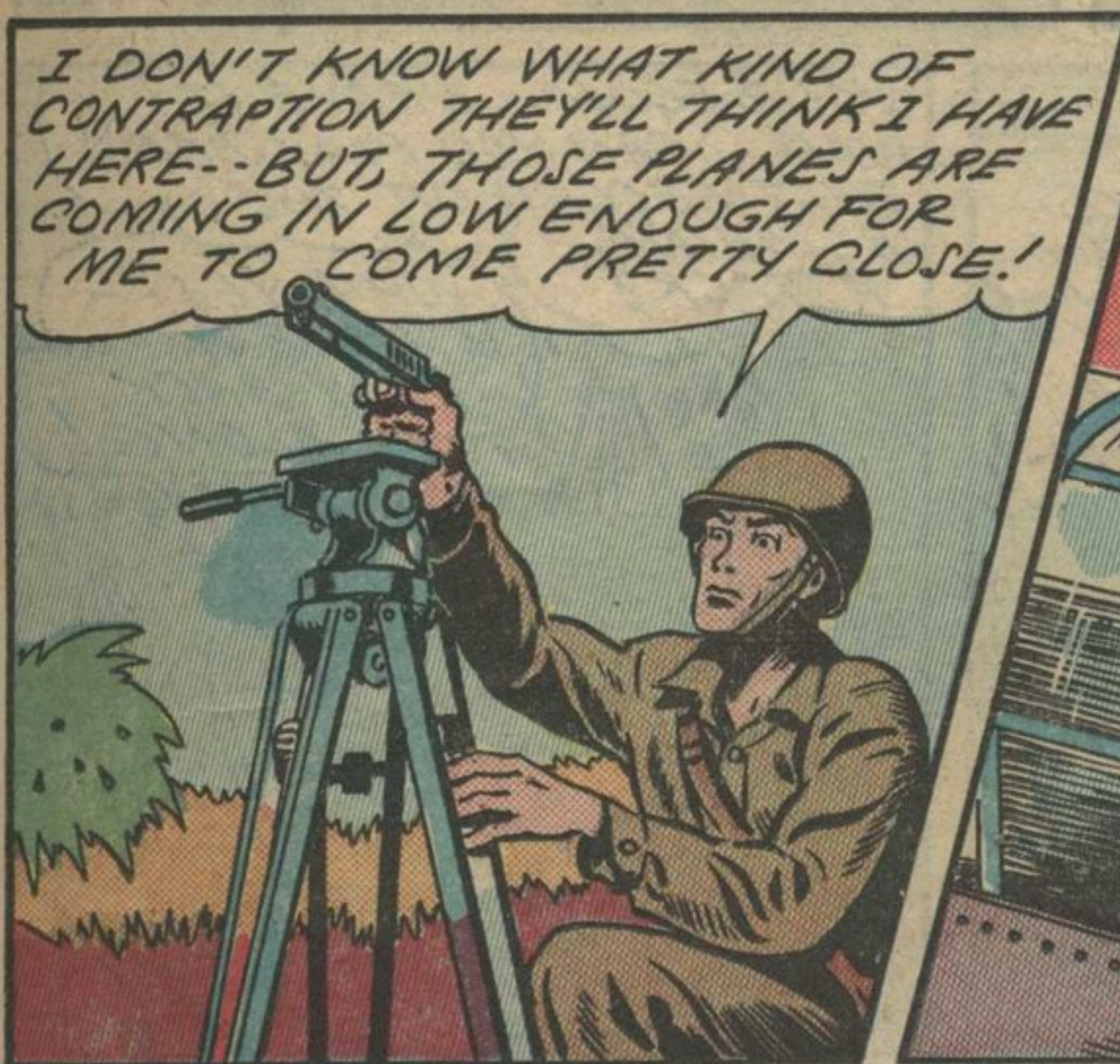
OH, I CAN'T LEAVE NOW -- THIS IS TOO GOOD A RECORDING TO MISS!



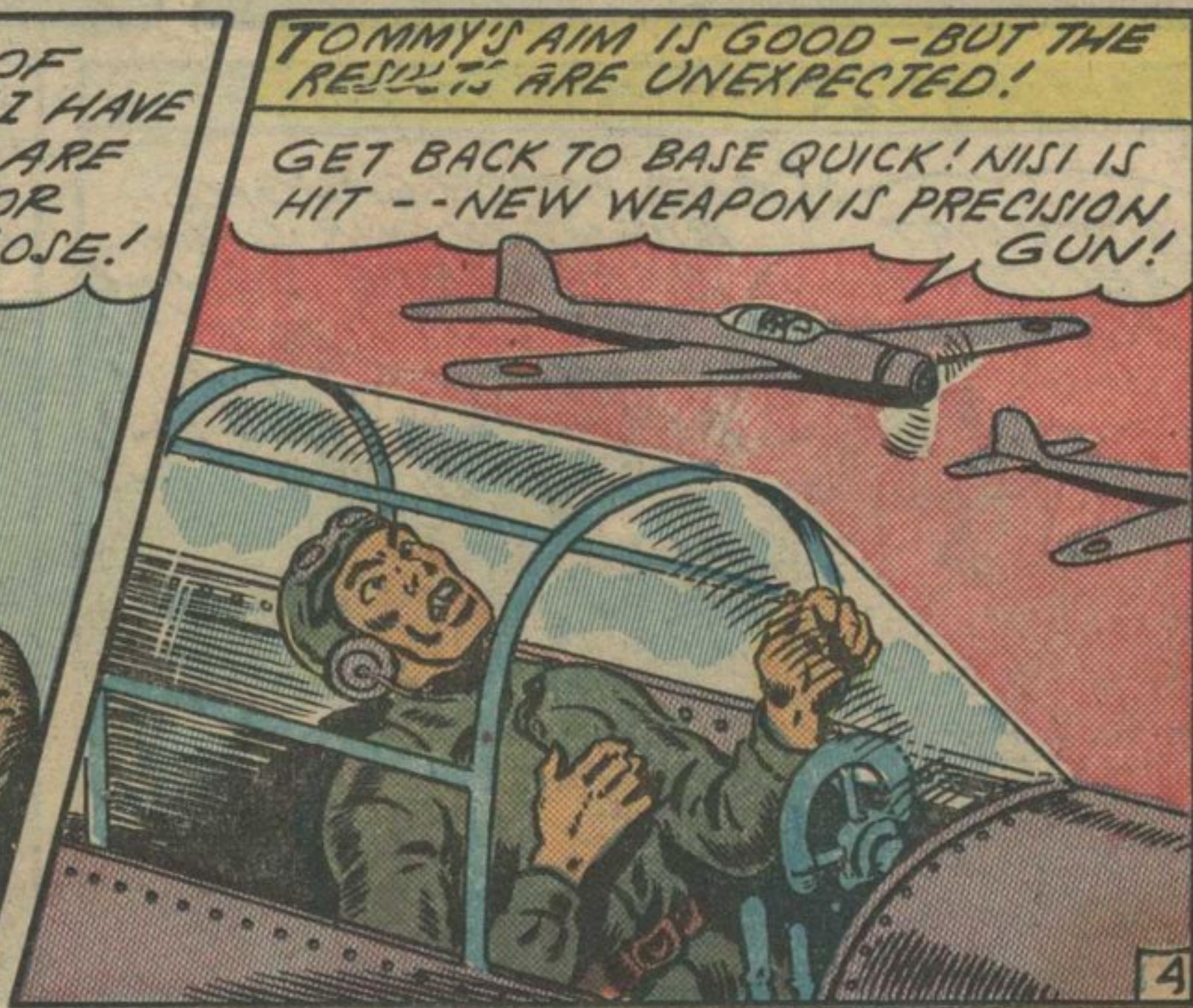
IS THAT GUY DUMB OR LUCKY?! BOMBS ALL AROUND AND HE CALMLY STANDS THERE TWISTING DIALS! NUTS--I BETTER GET OVER TO HIM!



HEY-- I THINK I'VE GOT ME AN IDEA THAT MAY THROW THEM OFF FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES ANYHOW!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF CONTRAPTION THEY'LL THINK I HAVE HERE-- BUT, THOSE PLANES ARE COMING IN LOW ENOUGH FOR ME TO COME PRETTY CLOSE!



TOMMY'S AIM IS GOOD -- BUT THE RESULTS ARE UNEXPECTED!

GET BACK TO BASE QUICK! NISI IS HIT -- NEW WEAPON IS PRECISION GUN!



THEY'RE GOING -- JUST LIKE THAT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS AT ALL! WHY BOMB US ANYHOW? A COUPLE OF SNIPERS WOULD DO JUST AS WELL! I GOT SOME WONDERFUL RECORDINGS!



MAYBE NOW I CAN PERSUADE YOU TO CLEAR OUT OF HERE, EH?

OH, I SAY.. THEY DID BLOW A LOT OF HOLES INTO THIS HILL, DIDN'T THEY?



OH, MR. PAIGE, AREN'T YOU GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION?

NOPE -- THE OTHER ROAD LEADS TO THE JAP LINES!



OH, I NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE ON DIRECTION! TURN AROUND AT ONCE!

OKAY, YOU'RE THE BOSS! IT'S YOUR FUNERAL TOO, IF YOU'RE WRONG!



LOOK -- THERE ARE OUR LINES NOW!

YOU DOPE! THOSE GUYS ARE JAPS!



BUT WHAT ABOUT MY EQUIPMENT?

AND WE'RE CAUGHT RIGHT IN OUR OWN BARRAGE! C'MON GET OUT!



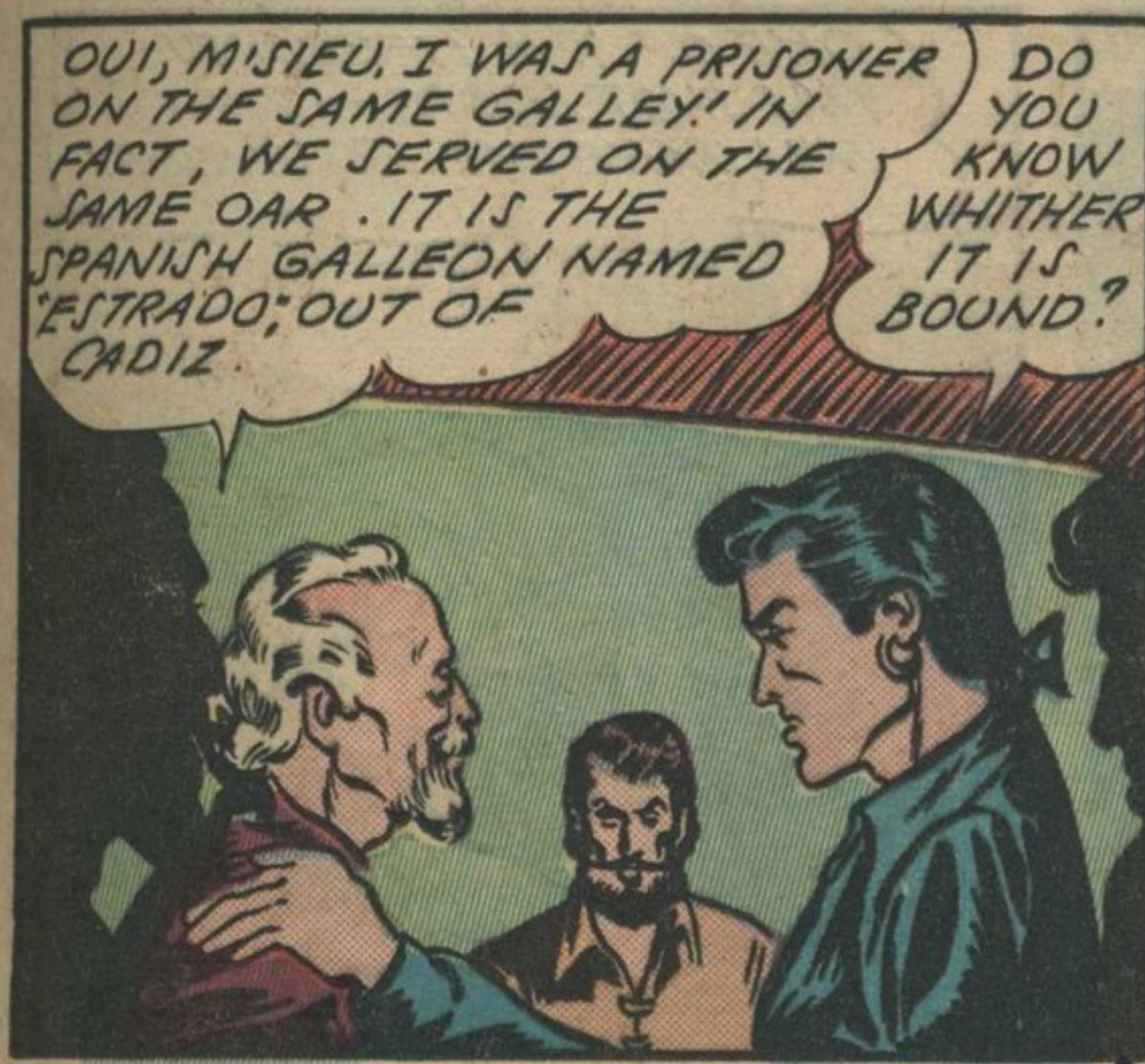
YOUR EQUIP.. LEAVE IT! WAIT -- CAN YOU PLAY BACK THAT RECORD OF THE BOMBING ATTACK!

WHY, YES -- I HAVE A PLAY-BACK ALONG!



BLACK BUCCANEER





SWIFTLY THE RAVEN GOES IN FOR THE KILL!



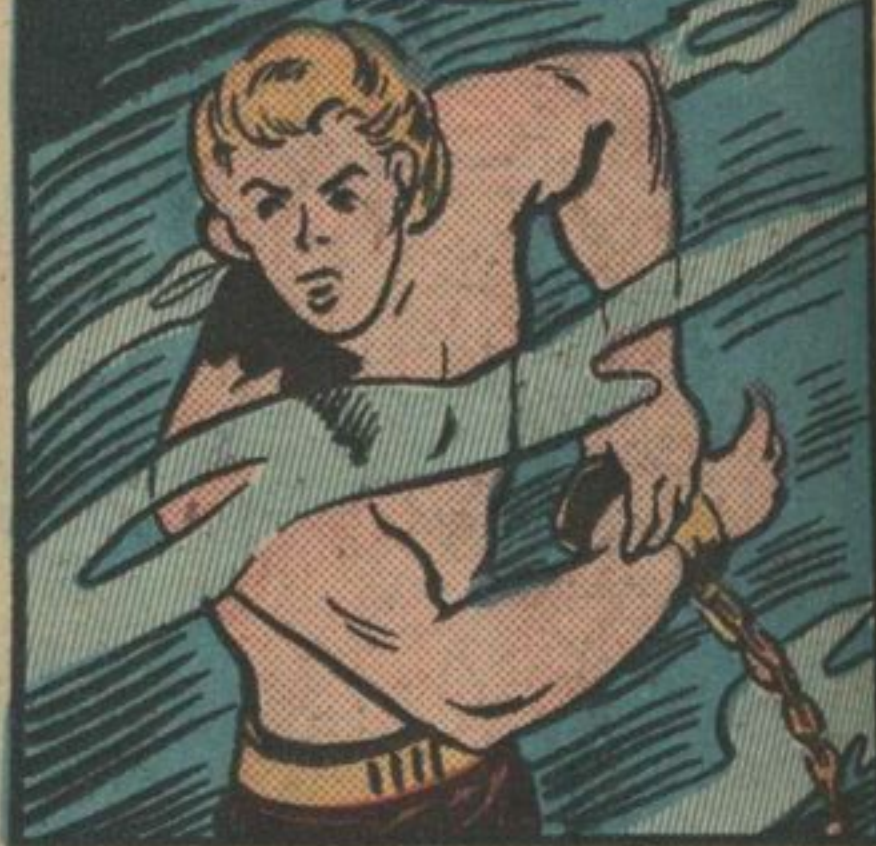
AND, ON THE SPANISH GALLEON, A STRAY SHOT HITS IN THE GALLEY!

THAT GUARD WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS— IF I CAN ONLY GET HIS KEYS!

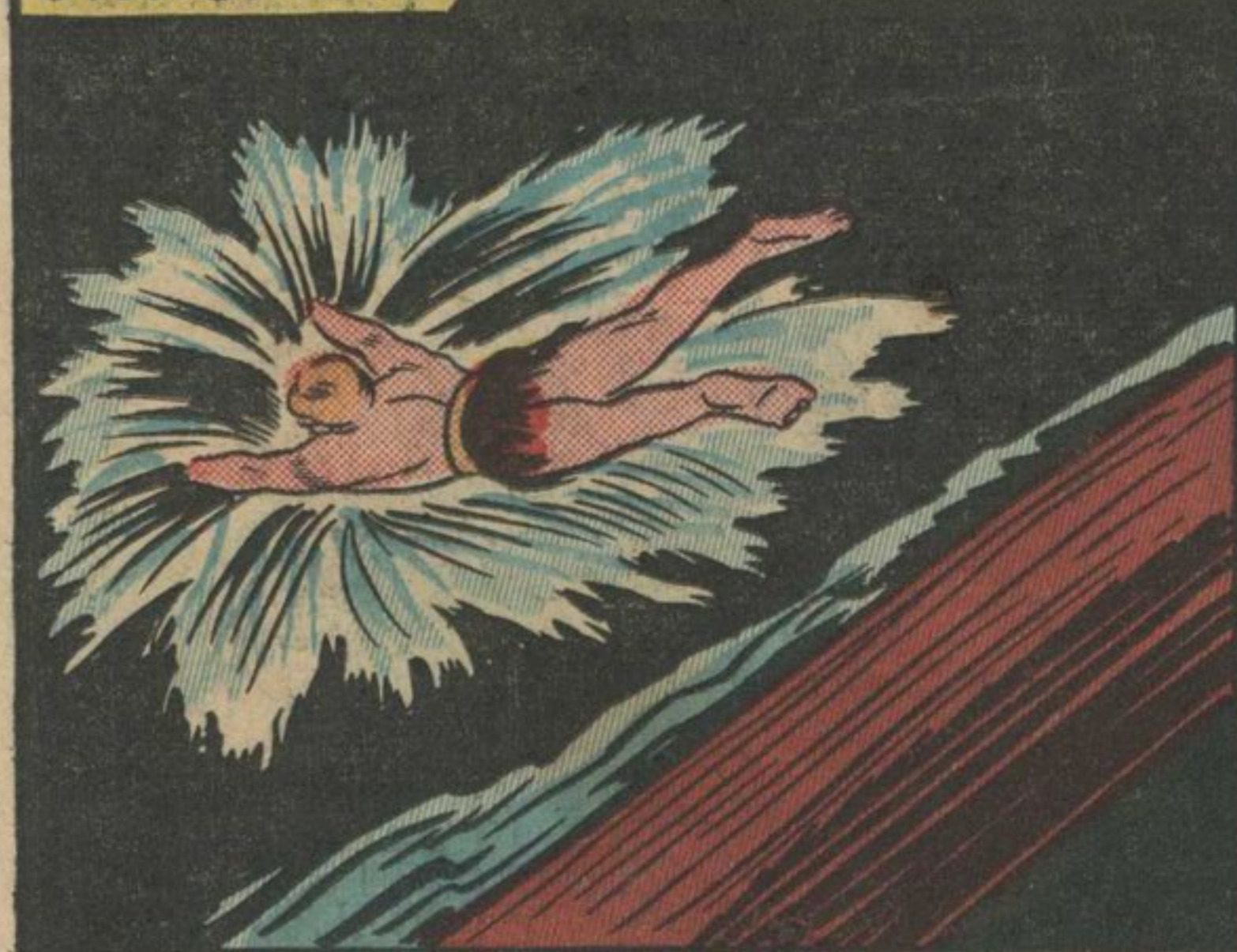


RONNIE REACHES THE KEYS AND QUICKLY FREES HIMSELF OF HIS CHAINS..

MADE IT! NOW TO GET OFF THE SHIP.



THE BLACK BUCCANEER'S BROTHER DIVES OVERBOARD.



ONE OF THE LIFEBOATS WAS SHOT LOOSE -- THIS WILL TAKE ME TO SHORE!



MEANWHILE, THE CAPTAIN OF THE ESTRADO SURRENDERS.

MY SWORD, CAPTAIN SCOTT!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN! NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL LOOK THROUGH YOUR GALLEY!

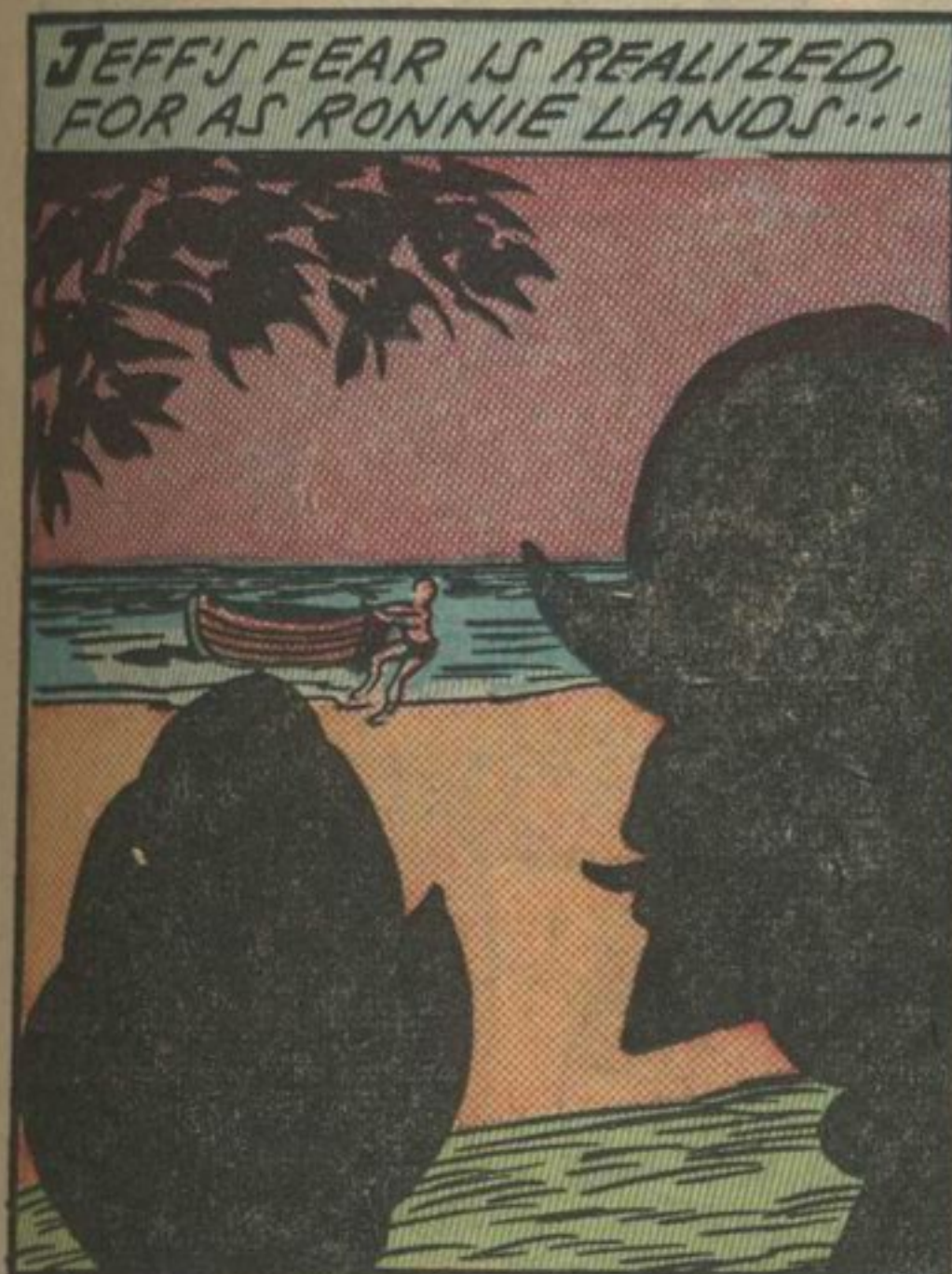


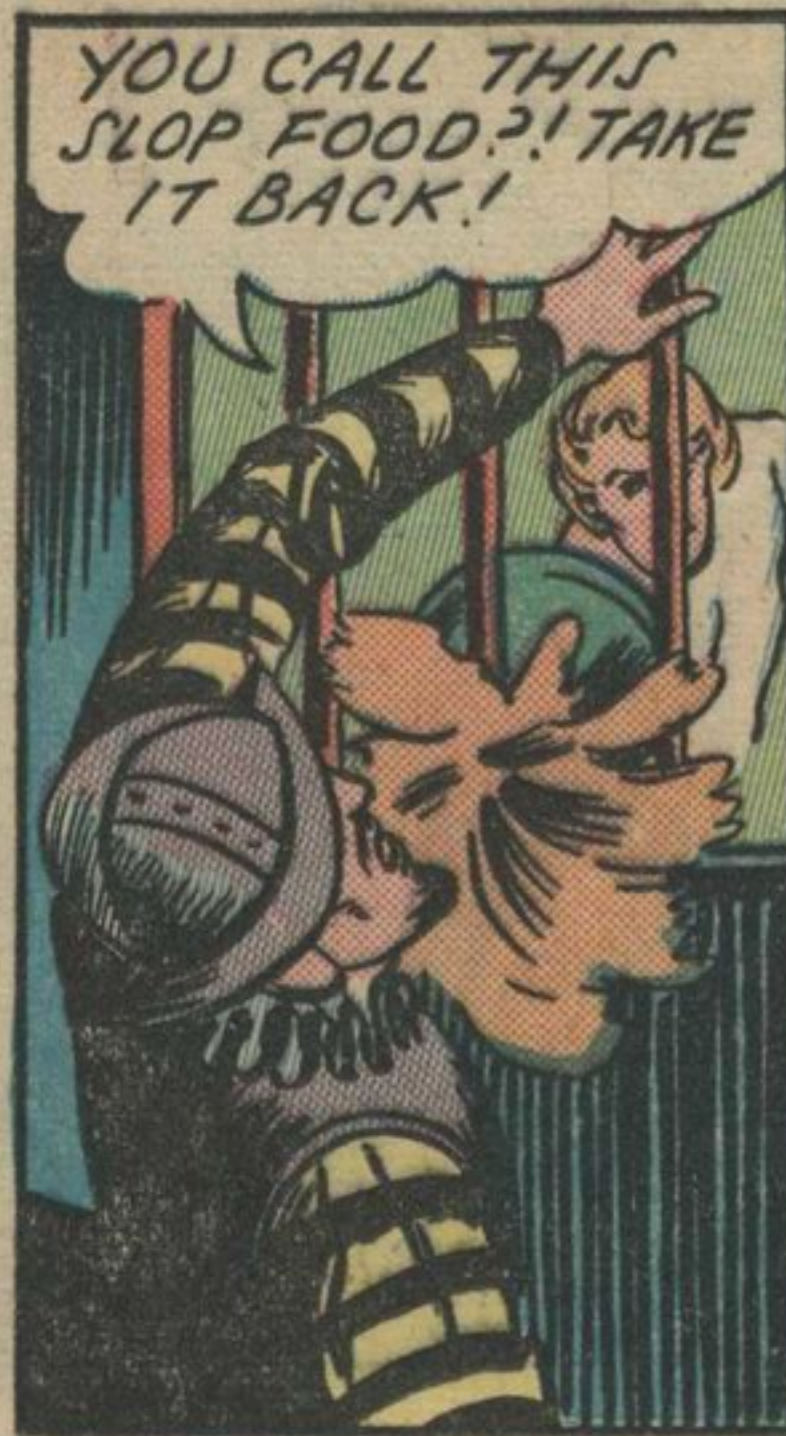
BUT--

THE LAST SLAVE AND NO RONNIE!

RONNIE? RONNIE SCOTT? HE ESCAPED!! I SAW HIM DIVE OVERBOARD DURING THE BATTLE AND MAKE FOR THE MAINLAND!







A FEW MINUTES LATER, JEFF AND BORIS REACH THE PRISON --



SWIFTLY JEFF MAKES HIS WAY UP THE ROPE ...



BUT, WHEN HE REACHES THE WINDOW --



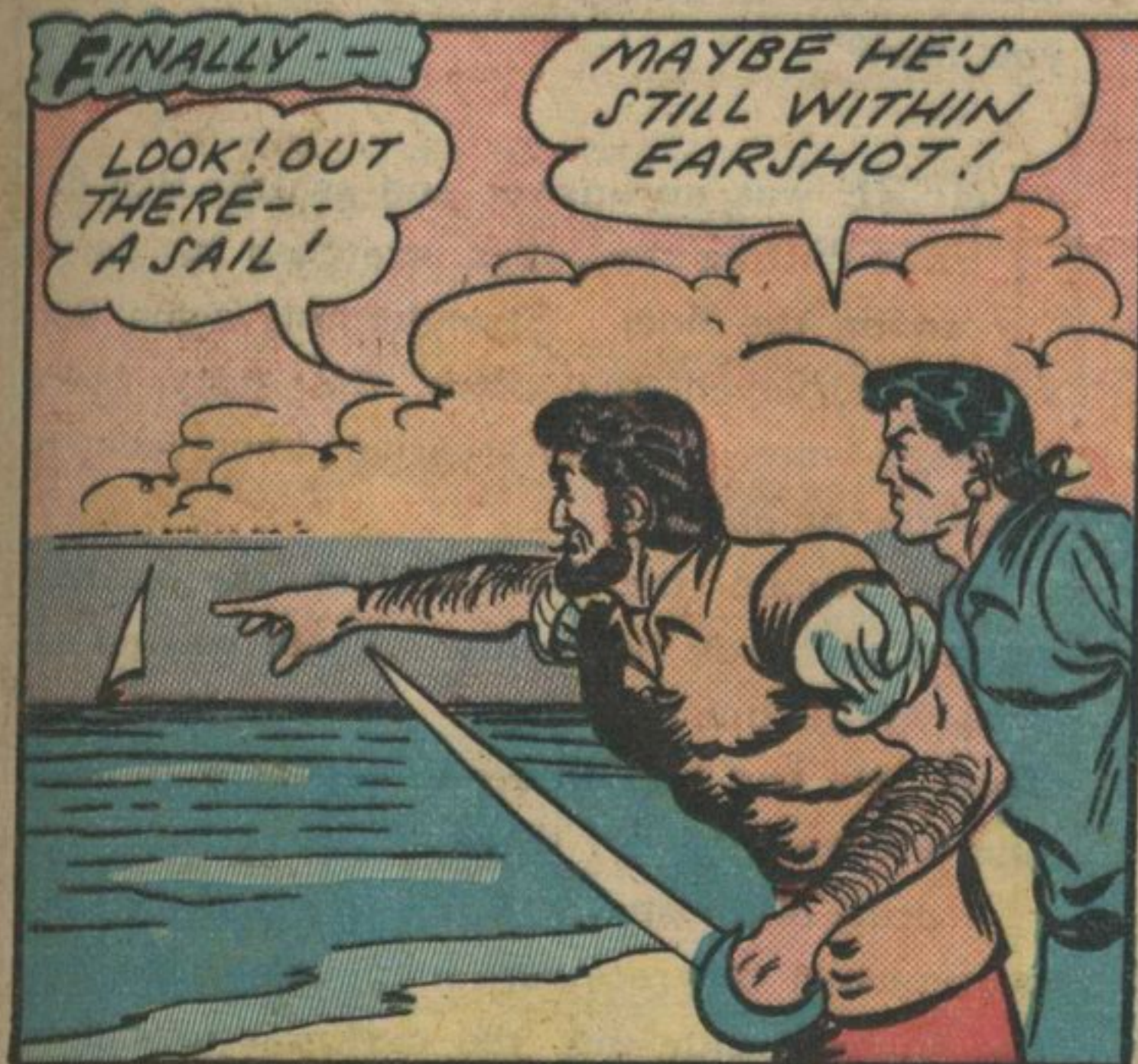
MEANWHILE, RONNIE RUNS INTO MORE TROUBLE!



IN DESPERATION, HE ATTACKS THEM...







Inventory of TROUBLE

WARM rain slanted down turning the thin covering of snow to mush under foot as Ron sloshed across the road to the high gate. He peered through the darkness in an effort to see light somewhere in the blackness surrounding the old camp. But there was nothing save the wind and rain. And the gate securely locked.

There was supposed to have been a guard here to meet him, to let him in and show him around. For a moment Ron thought longingly of the bright little village he had passed five or six miles down in the valley. He had been tempted to turn in there and bunk for the night and come out in the morning. But it was a rush job taking this inventory for the army of the old camp. There was a fleet of trucks and a large amount of tools and miscellaneous supplies.

Resignedly Ron followed the fence around a corner and down to where trees reared beside it. Peering up he saw several limbs that would support his weight. It was the only way over.

Climbing the tree wasn't easy. And the drop on the far side looked miles down. Ron dropped, narrowly missing a fall. He could just see the vague outline of a building a short distance away. Cautiously he made his way toward it, found a door and tried it. The door opened and Ron stepped into the welcome warmth beyond.

He snapped on a flashlight, swung the beam around slowly. He was in an office.

The beam stopped upon the figure of a man bound in a chair. A piece of cloth was tied between his teeth. His head was hanging—

Swiftly Ron moved forward, wet fingers drawing a knife out of his pocket. This must

be the guard. His cap lay on the floor, a badge affixed to the front of it. There was a holster upon his hip, empty now—

"Snap out of it," Ron hissed, shaking the man's shoulder gently. "Come on, fellow. Are you hurt?"

THERE was no answer and swiftly Ron finished cutting the ropes, stretched the fellow out on the floor. Straightening again Ron swiftly surveyed the office, the dusty desks, chairs, a water stand in a corner, filing cabinets, a couple of phones.

Ron ripped the receiver off the nearest, juggled the hook feverishly. There was no answer. The line was dead. It shouldn't have been. He had had orders to call back to headquarters once he got there.

A draft of air struck Ron's legs and instantly he replaced the receiver, snapped off the light and moved aside into the darkness to a door. Someone entered the building, was perhaps headed in here—

Someone stepped through the door. Ron could just make out bulky shoulders, an indistinct face.

RON WORKED swiftly. He had his victim tied carefully and gagged. He picked up a gun which the man had dropped, examined it carefully. It was a .38, fully loaded.

Once more Ron was out in the wind and rain. It was tough walking. He turned across the opening toward where other buildings stood, probably the garage and storage buildings. Beyond them under the trees were the barracks. Cautiously Ron pushed through the blackness

to the nearest building. The faint odor of grease and gasoline came to him. This must be the garage, and he circled around to the back, where in an open space stood a long line of trucks. A faint hum sounded.

The truck motors were running, warming up!

Stepping back into the fringe of the woods, Ron worked his way along the line to the lead vehicle. Beyond it was the road twisting away into the hills. The woods closed in like the jaws of a vise.

Ron stepped to the truck. Swiftly he bent, feeling around the rim of the wheel till his finger found the valve stem. Quickly he unscrewed each of the inner tires, permitting the air to escape with a sharp hiss. He went around the truck, treating each tire alike. Then, gripping the revolver he'd captured, he turned back toward the garage.

Standing close to the rear doors, he could hear the sound of metal being moved, of other motors turning over. He slid along the wall, found a window that opened and climbed through.

A door led into the main room of the garage and Ron turned the handle carefully, pushed the door open a crack and peered through. He could see two men rolling huge drums of oil up to a truck. They attached a pulley to each drum, hoisted it up, swung it into the truck. There seemed to be only two of them. They were working fast.

Resolutely Ron stepped through the door, whipped the gun up.

"Okay you guys! Get 'em up. High!"

The men whirled. For a moment surprise shone across their faces. Then they shoved their hands into the air—

Something crashed down upon the back of Ron's head and next instant he crumpled to the floor and lay still.

IT WASN'T long before he opened his eyes.

The men were still at work. Two of them now, instead of three. Moving cautiously, Ron discovered his hands and ankles securely wired together. Someone had been in that back room, probably; had black-jacked him as he stepped through the door.

One of the men saw him move and both

stopped their work to come over. They grinned down menacingly.

"Too bad, bud," one of them snickered. "You ain't very smart. Good thing you didn't get the works instead of a bust over the dome!"

"You won't get away with this stuff," Ron grated. "You're fooling with Uncle Sam's stuff. You'll land behind bars. They'll catch you—"

"That's what you think! By the time Uncle Sam finds out about this we'll be a long way from here and this stuff will be out of our hands and we'll have cash. See?"

Someone hurried across the floor, another member of the gang. His face was dark and threatening with anger. "All the air's outta the lead truck," he snarled. "This guy here—and Squint ain't back yet. I tried to find him—"

Ugly faces stared down. For a second Ron felt a cold chill at his back. One of them pulled a gun, cocked the hammer. "You done it," he grated. "Damn your dirty hide—what'd you do to Squint?"

"I don't think I've met him," Ron answered, struggling to keep his voice level. "If I did—"

The man jerked the gun up. "Just for that—"

A smashing shot thundered out, ringing against the cement walls and high ceiling. The man with the gun slumped, staggered and fell. The other two whirled. One of them clawed into his pocket.

Again there was the smash of a shot and the gunman crumpled and fell. Ron twisted his head, felt his heart leap at sight of the troopers standing in the doorway, tommy guns poised in their hands.

"Looks like we got here just in time," one of them observed, coming forward and kneeling to unwind the wire about Ron's wrists and ankles. "Your friends here—"

"No friends of mine," Ron sputtered. "But how come you got here? How'd you know?"

Other men filed into the big garage. One of them stepped forward and Ron recognized the guard, face drawn and haggard, but wearing a faint grin.

"I called 'em," he explained. "By phone."

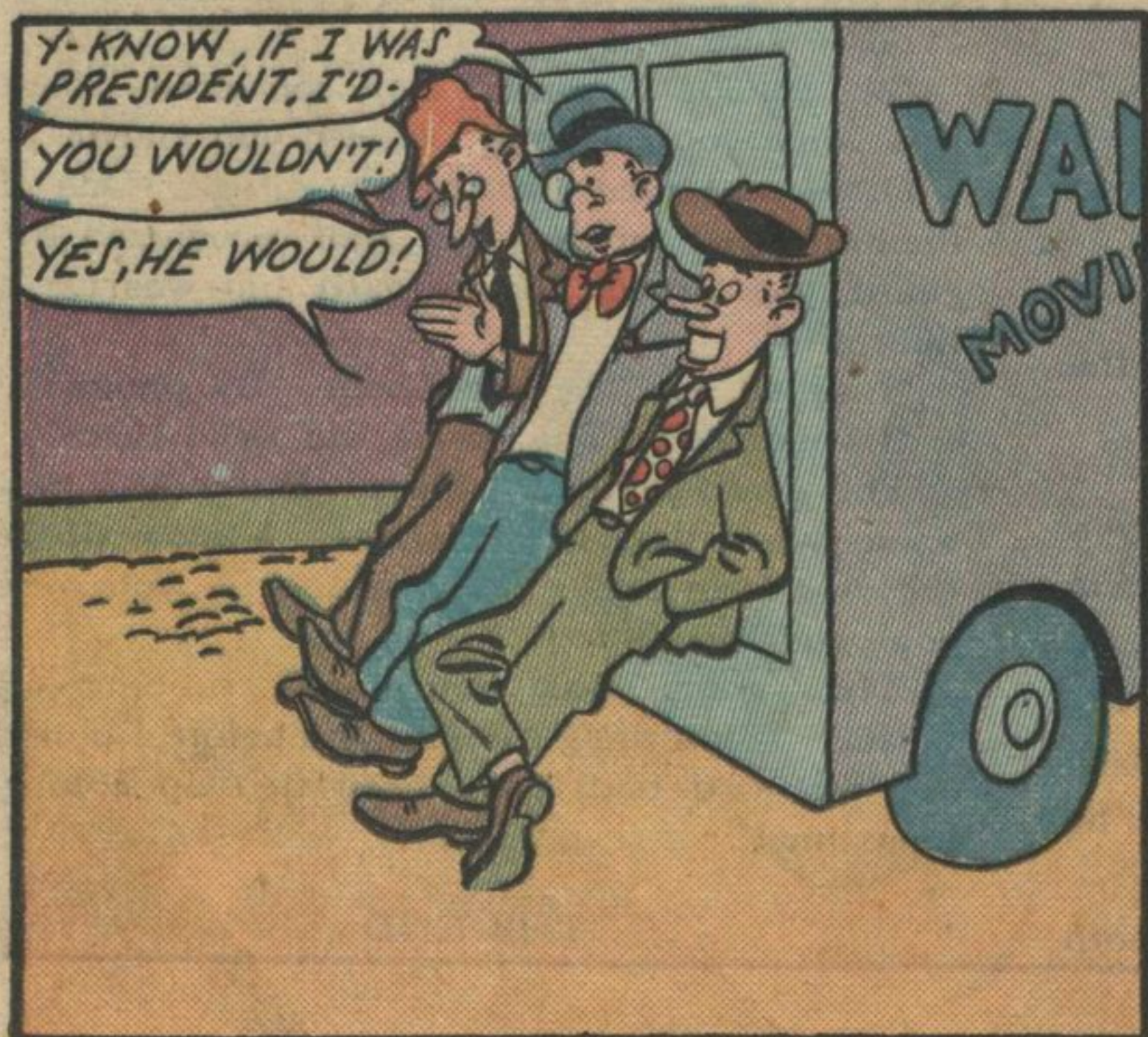
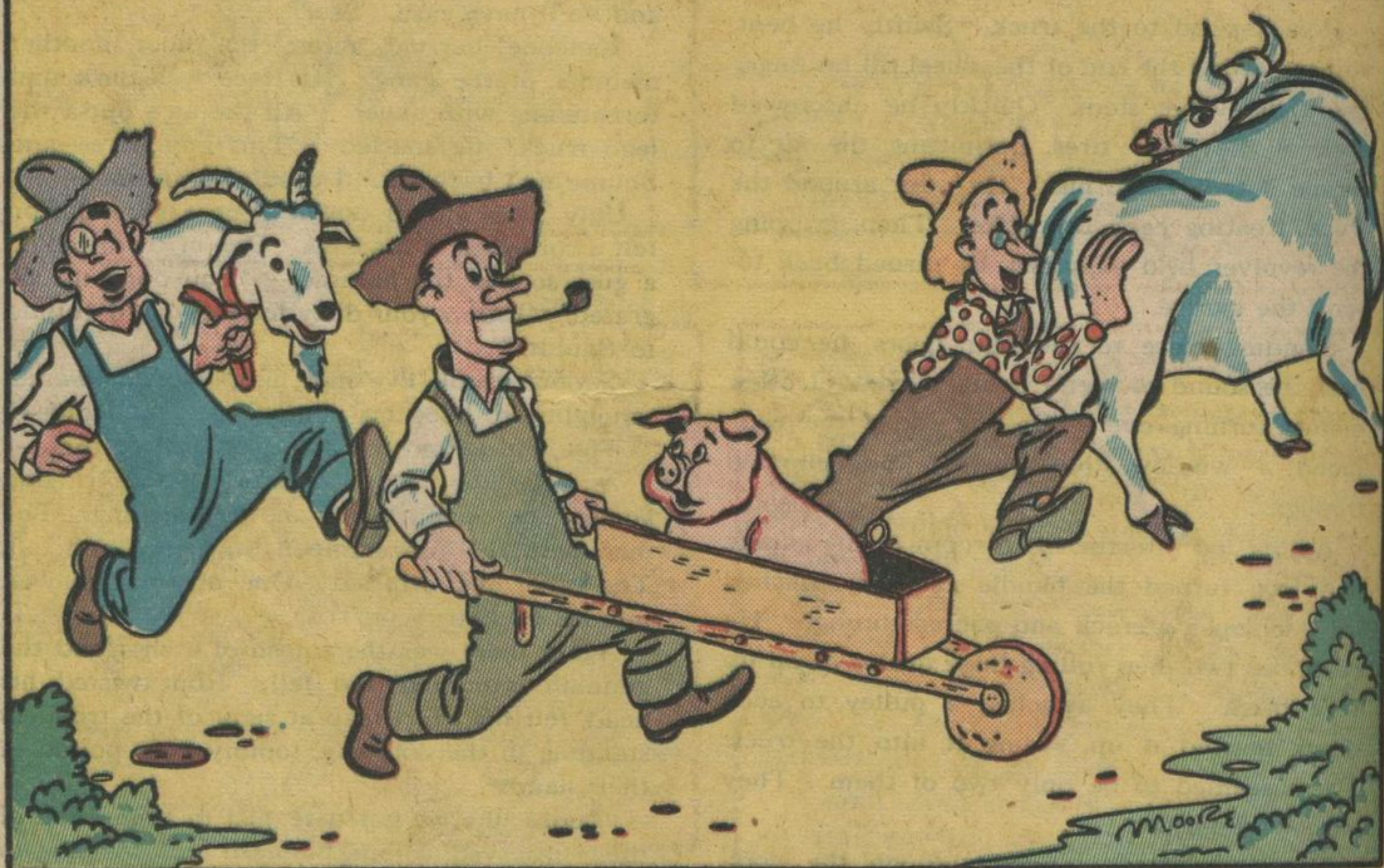
"I tried that. The phone was dead then!"

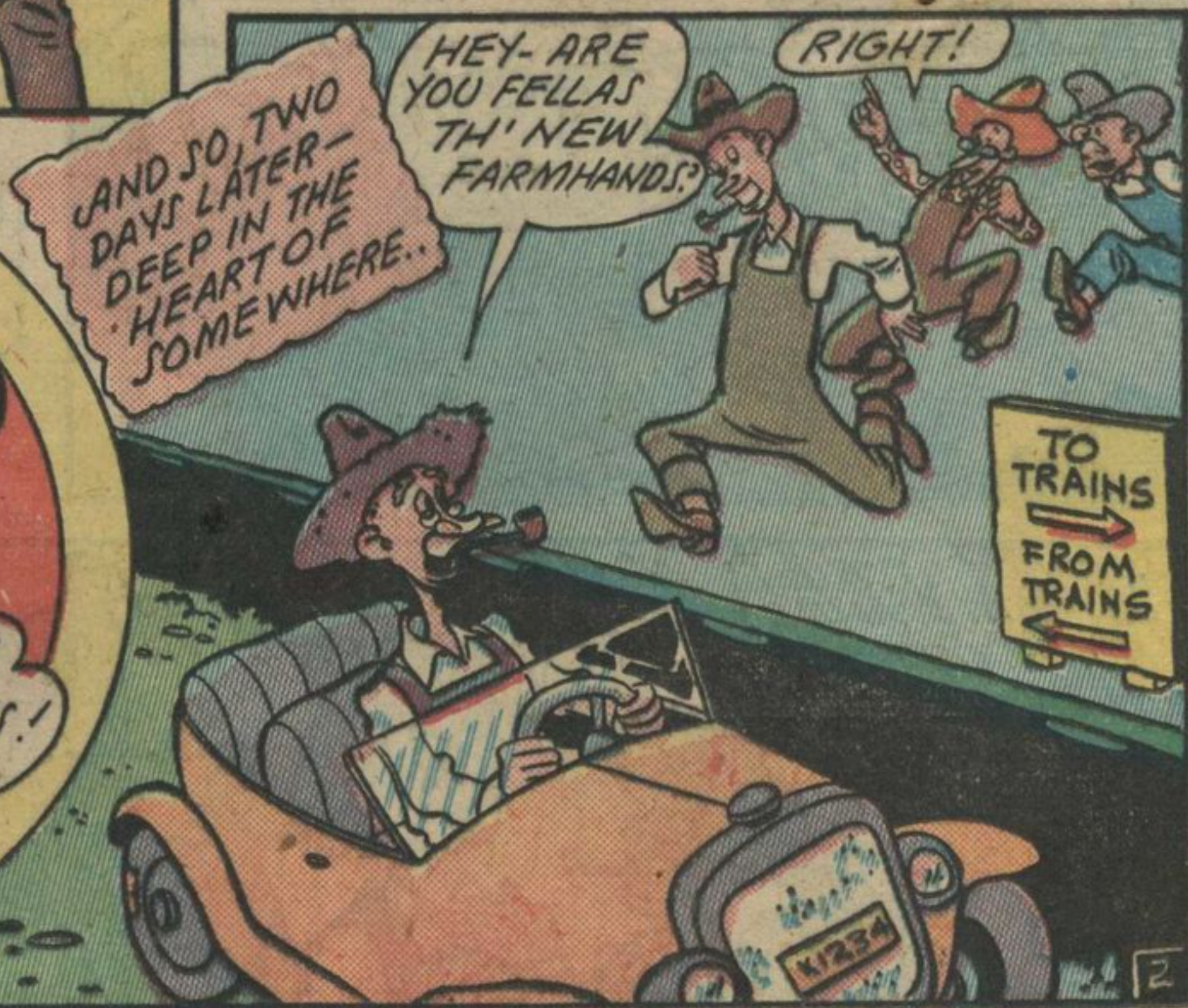
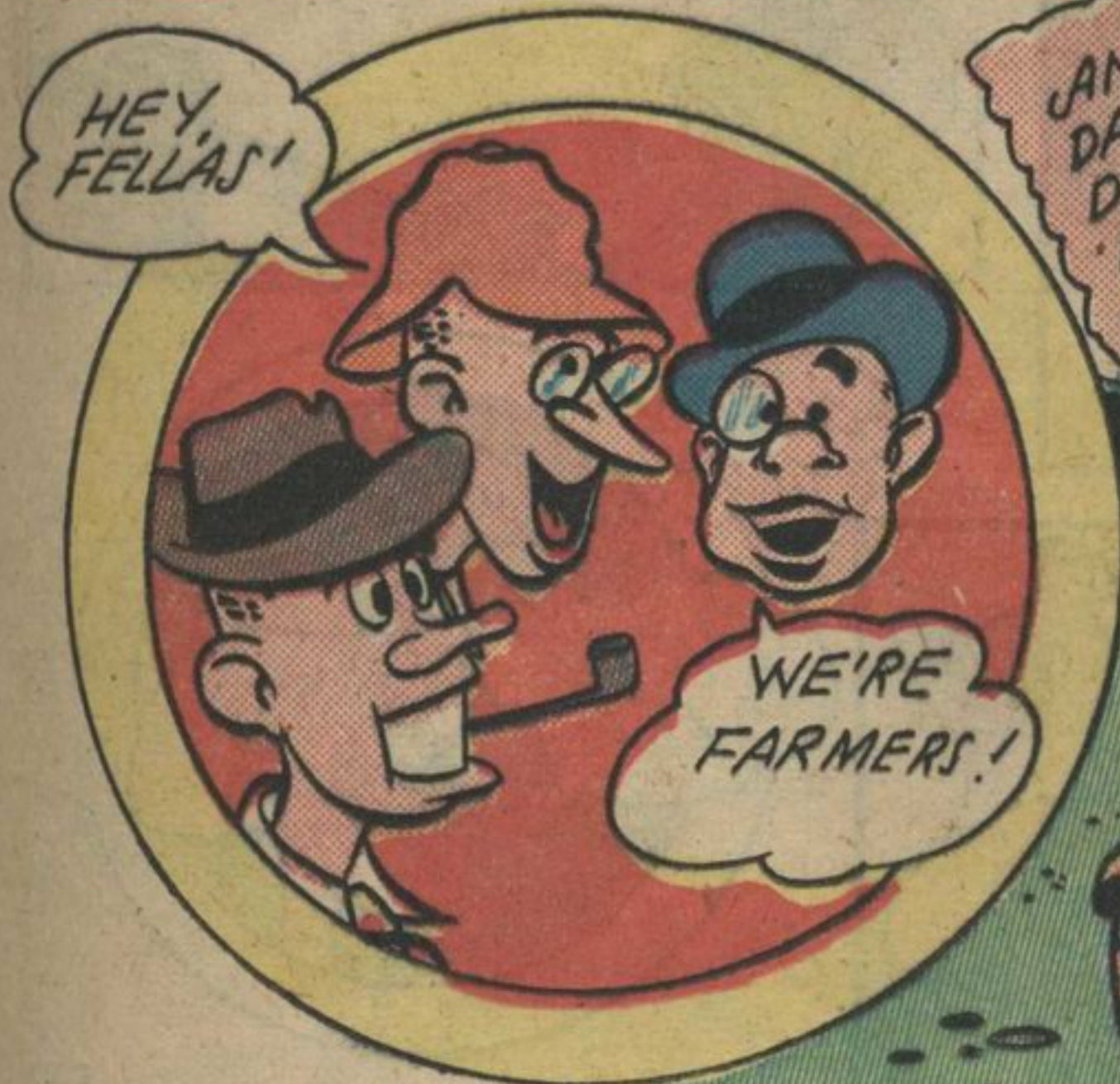
The guard nodded. "Sure. But I was conscious when they cut the lines. I knew where they were cut and spliced them after you were gone and I came to!"

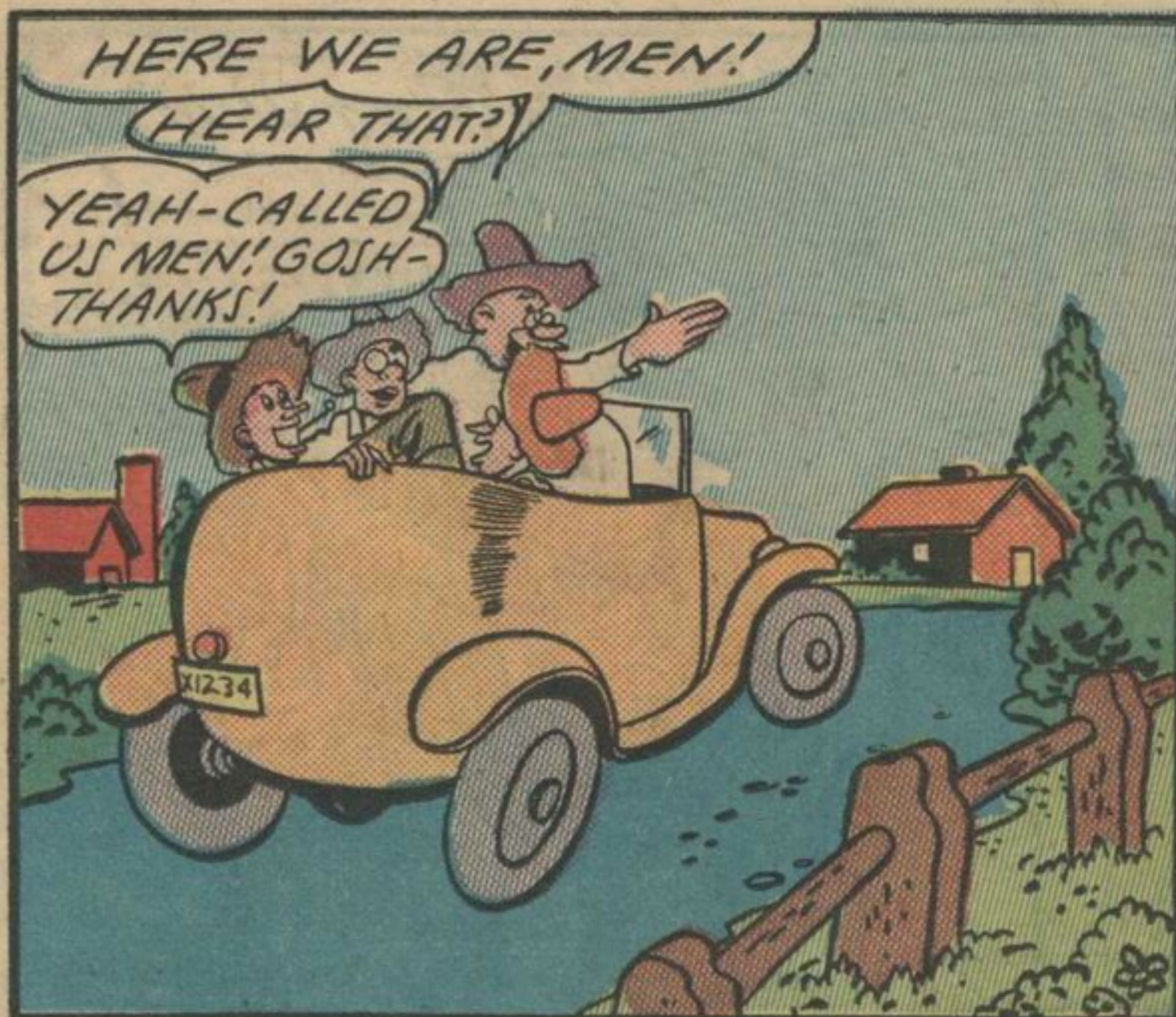
"Nice going," Ron murmured, rubbing his wrists. "Good thing I untied you before I pulled out—or we'd both have been tied up a long, long time!"

THE END

Super Drooper & Drip







HERE WE ARE, MEN!

HEAR THAT?

YEAH-CALLED
US MEN! GOSH-
THANKS!



LOOK!
A PIG!

NAW-
THAT'S
A HORSE--

I TAKE IT YOU
FELLOWS
KNOW ALL
ABOUT
FARMIN'!



OH, SURE - WE KNOW EVERY
THING 'BOUT
FARMING-

GOOD- I HAVE TO
RUN INTO TOWN -
YOU FELLOWS TAKE
CARE OF THE PLACE
WHILE I'M
GONE!

LET'S GET THE
PLACE CLEANED
UP SPIC AND
SPAN TO SHOW
FARMER GREY
WE'RE WILLIN'
TO WORK!

RIGHTO - WE'LL
START WITH THE
BARN-CHICKEN
COOP-AND PIG
PEN!



GEE, WE PRACTICALLY
OWN THE FARM
NOW!

WHAT
CAN WE
DO?

I HAVE
IT!



WE'VE GOT THE
ANIMALS AND
BIRDS OUT--
BUT, WHERE'LL
WE PUT
'EM?

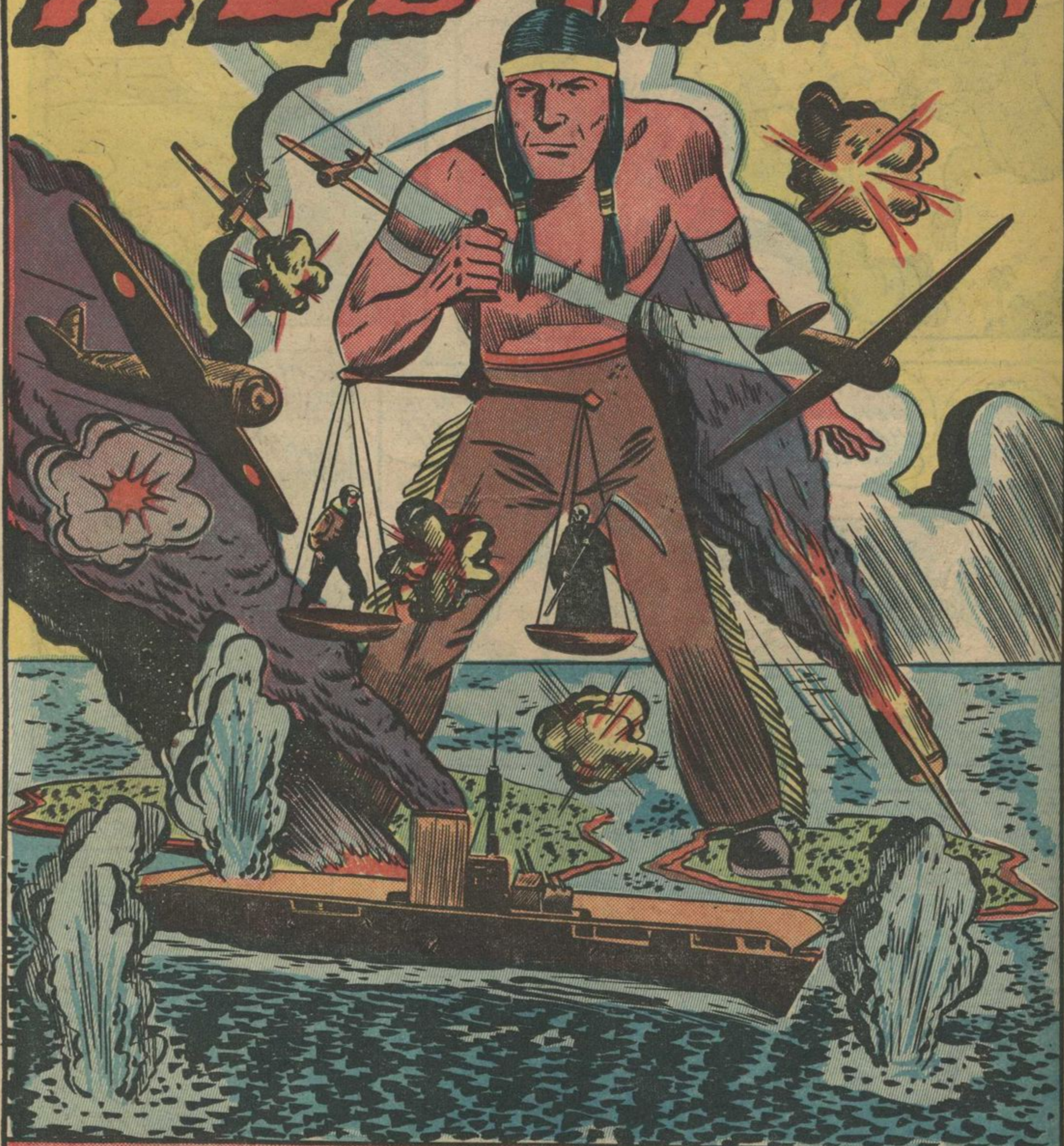
NOW, LET ME
THINK--

CLUK
CLUK

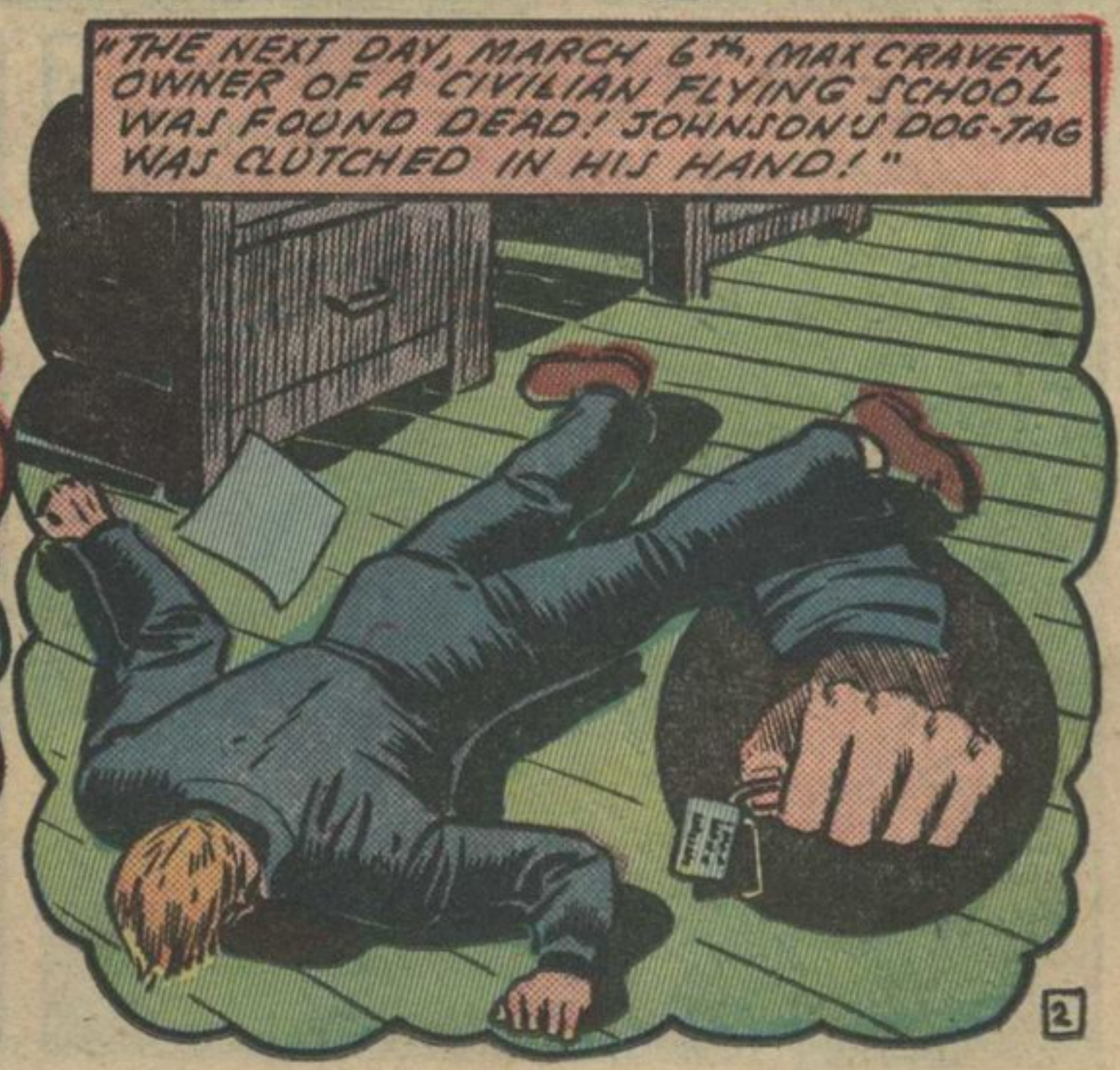
I'VE GOT
IT!



RED HAWK



OUT IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, REDHAWK - THE AMERICAN INDIAN ACE - FLIES FOR VENGEANCE! AND, THIS COURAGEOUS MASTER OF THE SKIES DOES NOT FORGET HIS PERSONAL FRIENDS! THIS TIME -- HE MATCHES WITS AGAINST BOTH FATE AND THE JAPS TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A BUDDY IN,
THE FORGOTTEN DAY!



"JOHNSON KNEW MAX FROM THE STATES-- HAD A GRUDGE AGAINST HIM, IN FACT! IT SEEMS CRAVEN HAD DONE HIM OUT OF MONEY AND JOHNSON SWORE TO GET EVEN!"



DOESN'T JOHNSON HAVE ANY ALIBI?



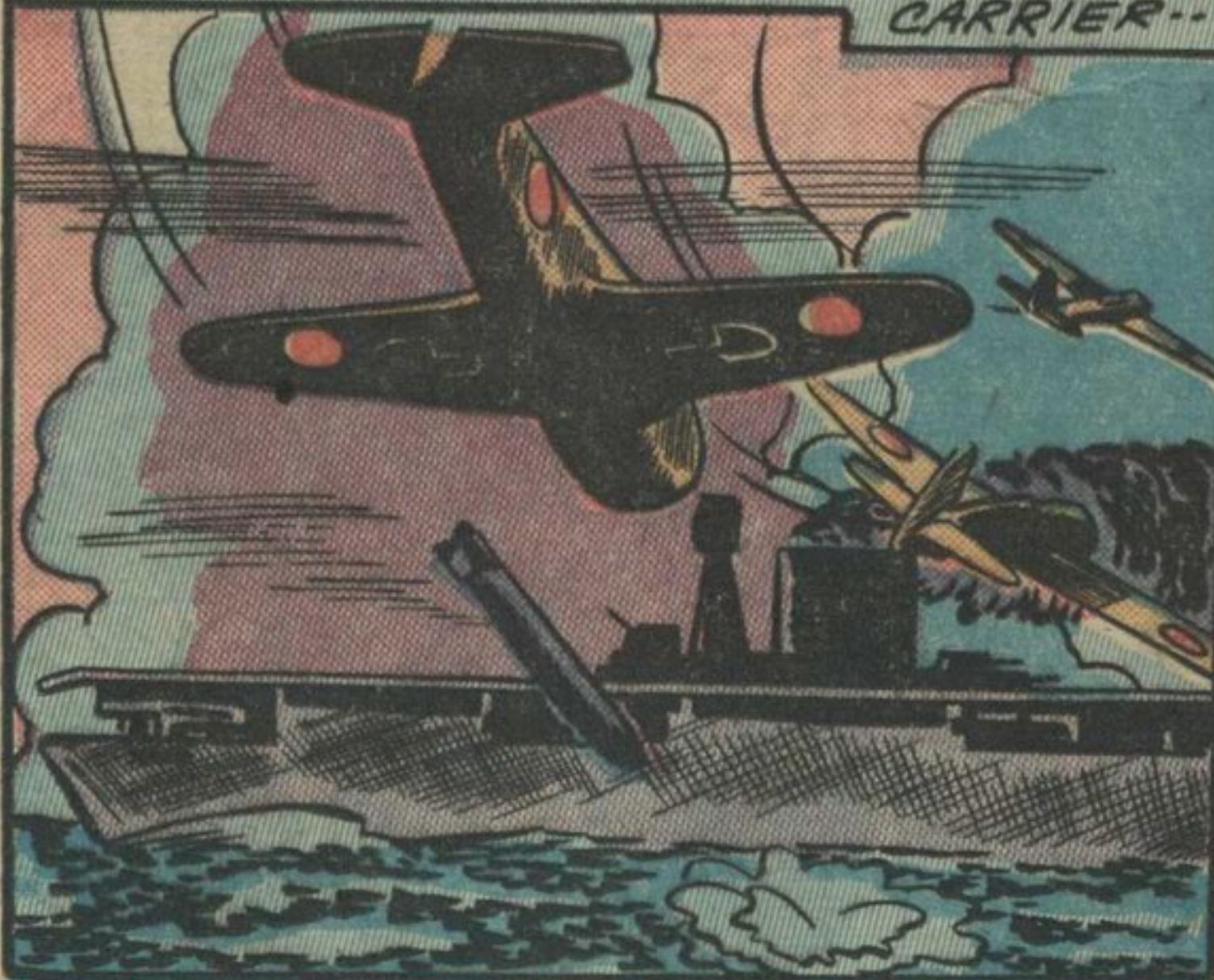
NONE THAT WILL STAND UP! HE CLAIMS HE LOST HIS CREDENTIALS AND DOG-TAG ON THAT FIRST TRIP TO AUSTRALIA!

I SEE -- AND, CAN'T HE PROVE HIS WHEREABOUTS AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER?

NO!



AT THIS MOMENT, JAP TORPEDO PLANES SUDDENLY APPEAR TO STRIKE AT THE CARRIER--



THE JAPS INFLICT A SERIOUS WOUND...



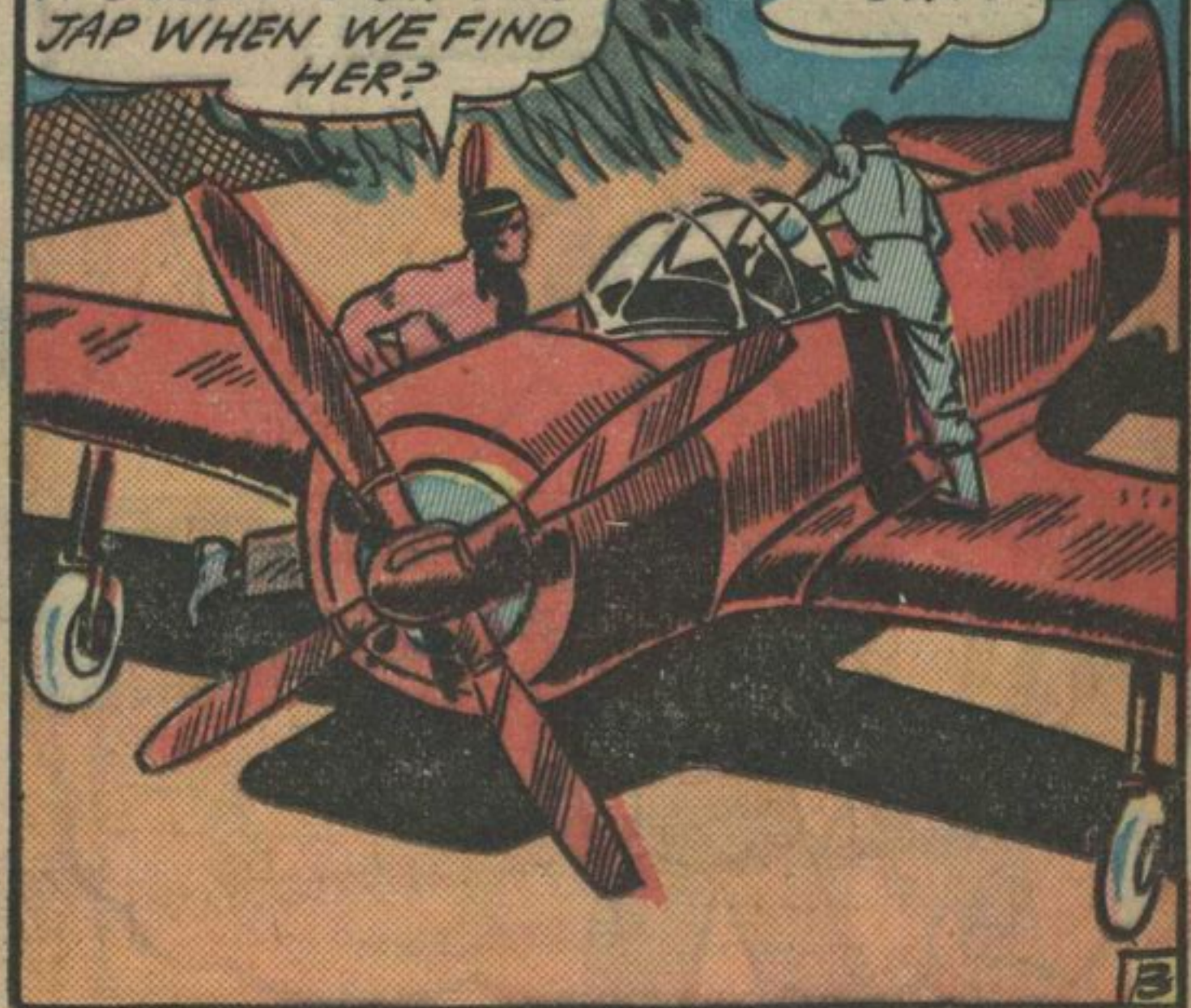
GET ALL PLANES UP!

CAN YOU LEND ME A TORPEDOMAN, SIR? THERE MUST BE A JAP TASK FORCE NEARBY AND I'D LIKE TO FIND IT!



THINK YOU CAN GET A BULLSEYE ON THAT JAP WHEN WE FIND HER?

YOU BET, SIR!



REDHAWK SOARS OUT OVER
THE PACIFIC TO STALK THE
ENEMY TASK FORCE!



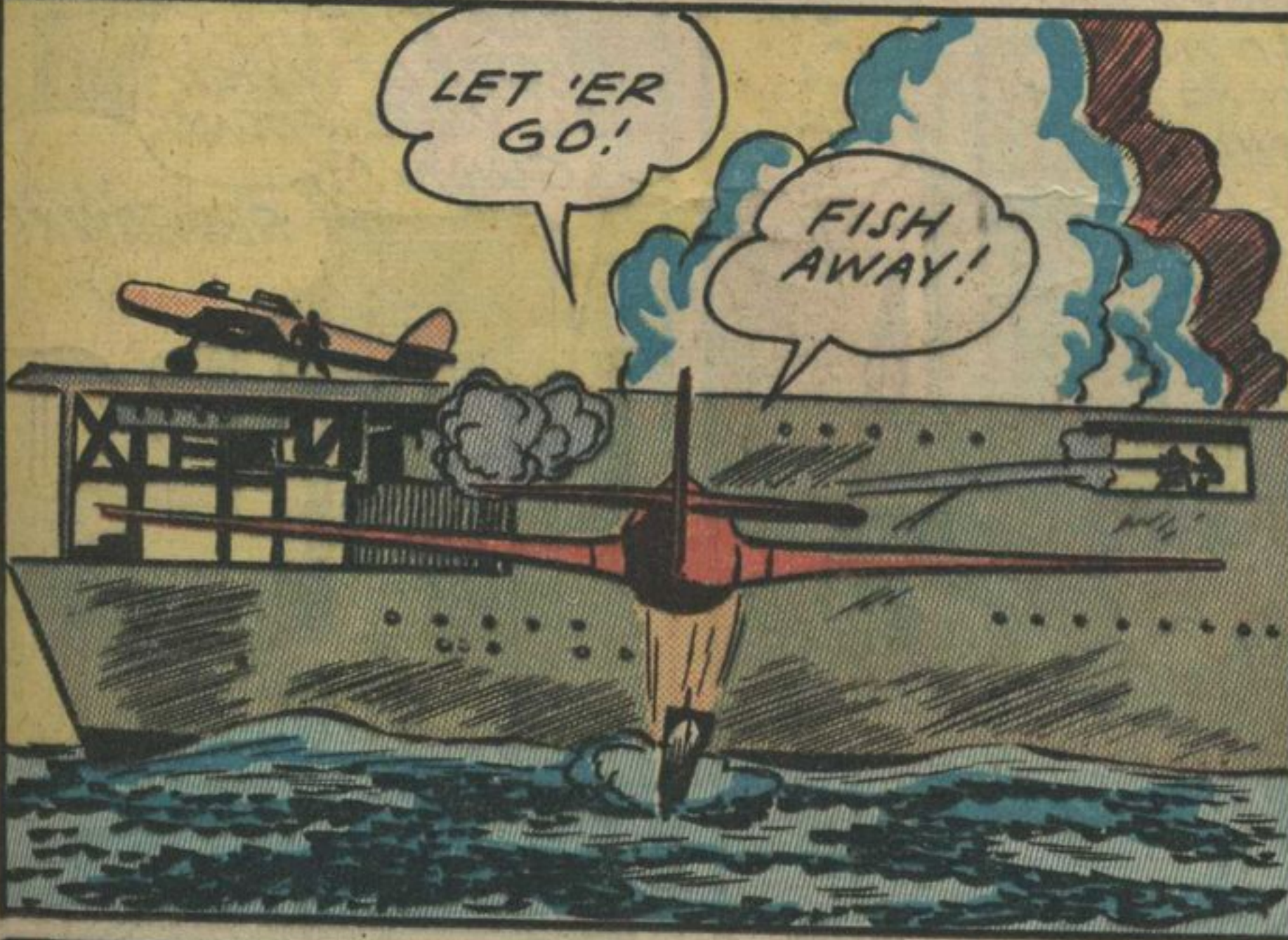
THERE THEY ARE! I'M GOING
IN OVER HER, GIVE IT THE
STUFF!

RIGHT--JAP
PLANES COMING
UP, SIR!



LET 'ER
GO!

FISH
AWAY!



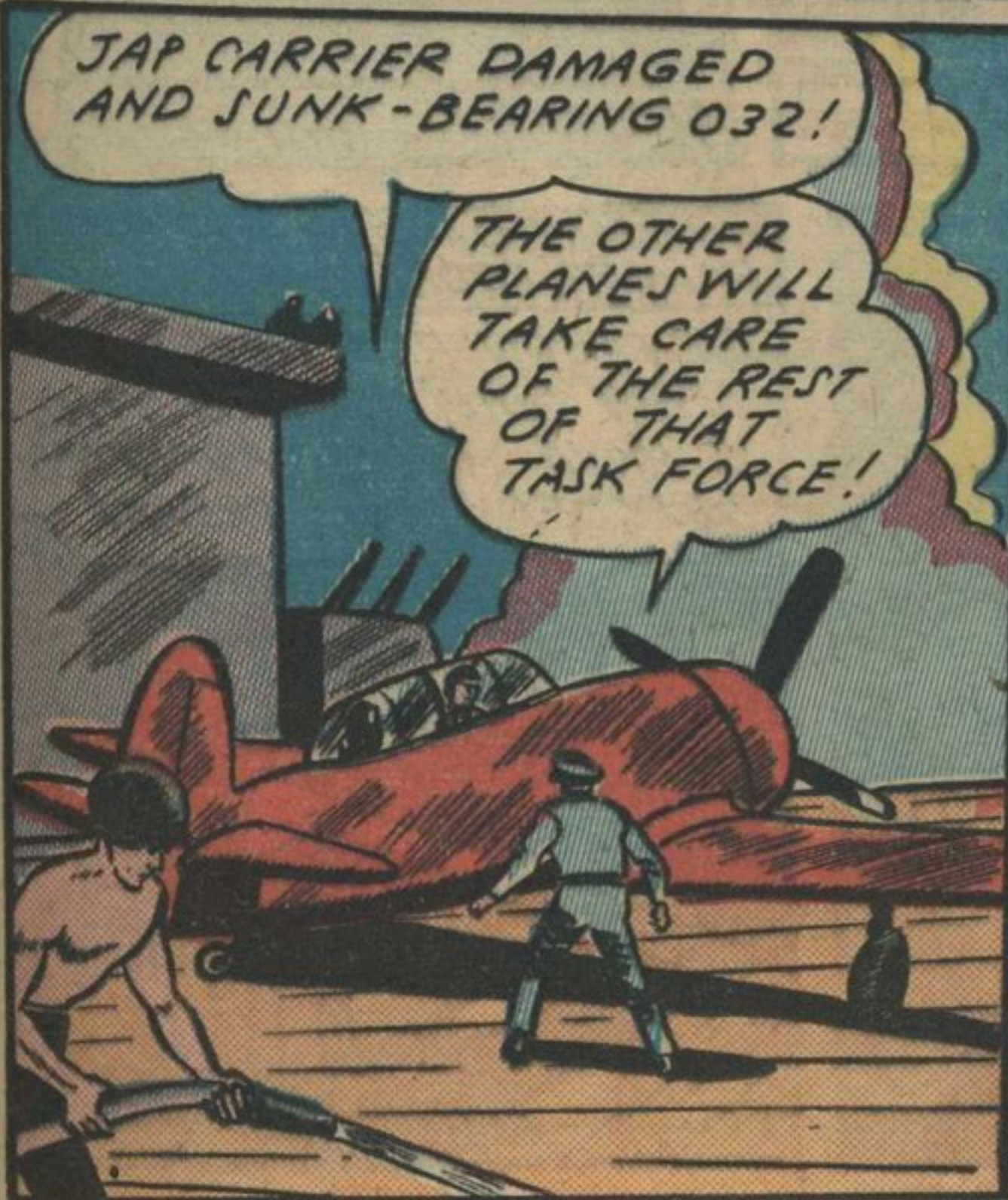
WHEW--I
JUST LOST
A DAY OF
MY LIFE!

YOU WHAT?!
YOU JUST
GAVE ME THE
IDEA I'VE
BEEN LOOKING
FOR!



JAP CARRIER DAMAGED
AND SUNK--BEARING 032!

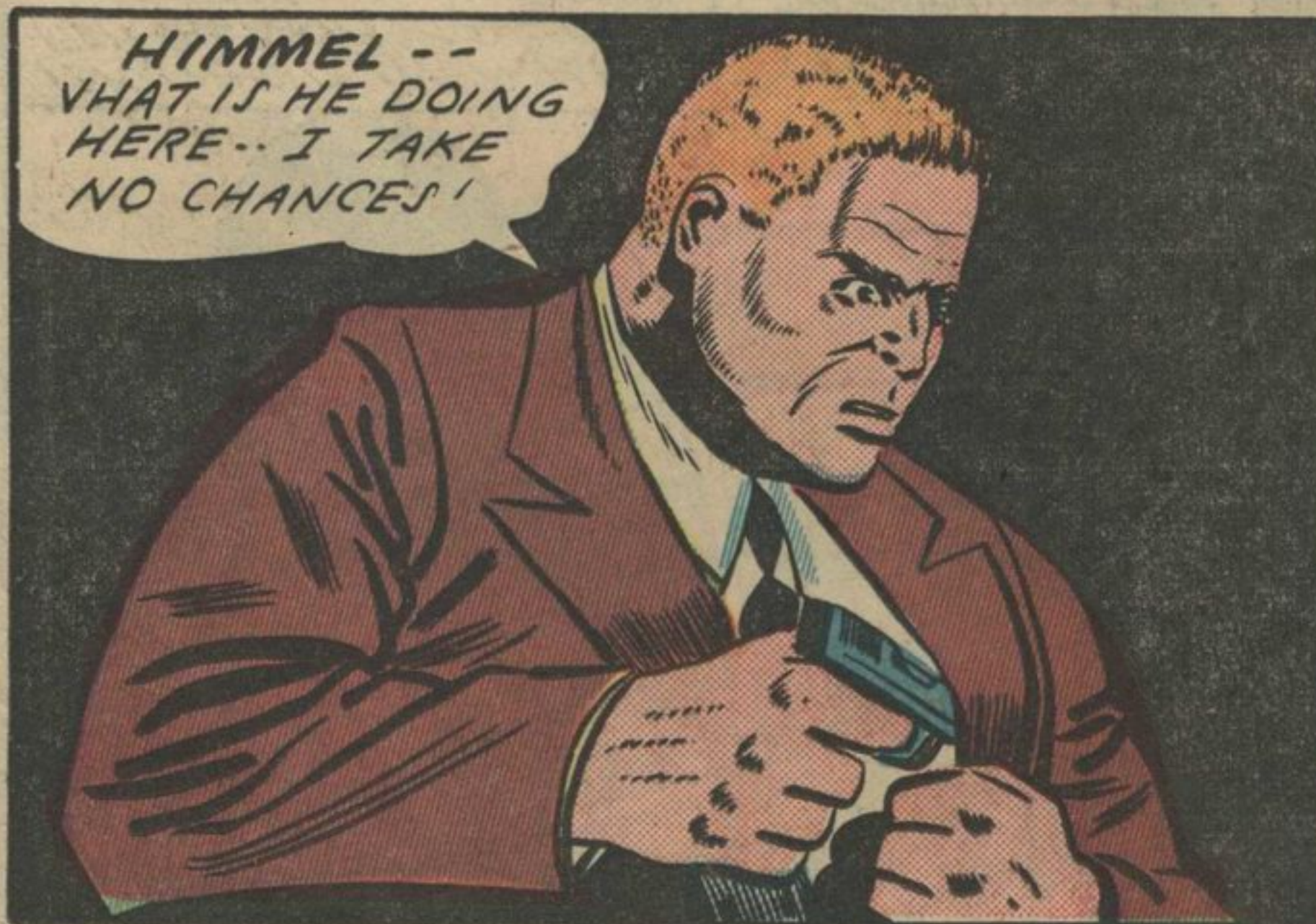
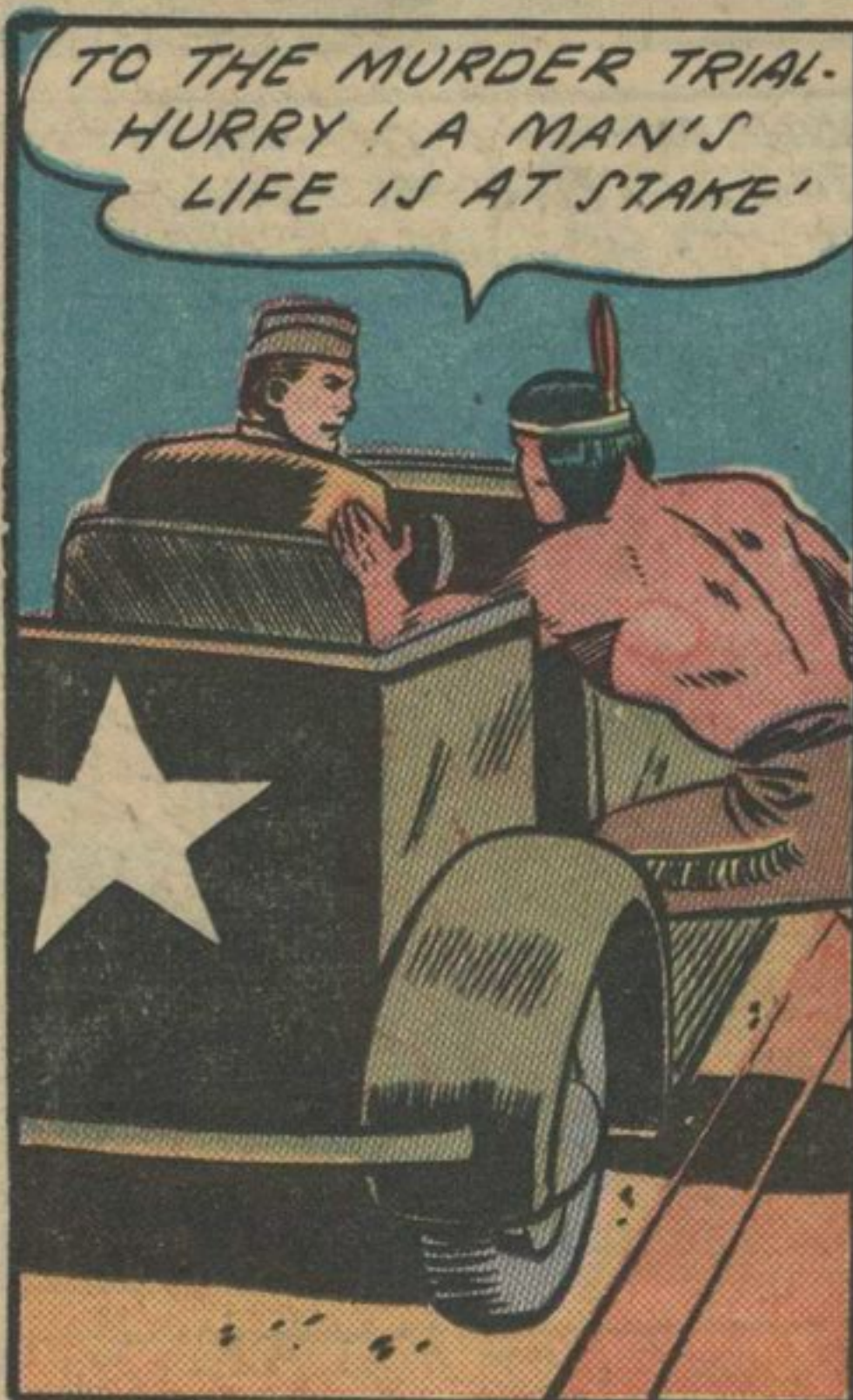
THE OTHER
PLANES WILL
TAKE CARE
OF THE REST
OF THAT
TASK FORCE!



WILL YOU
ACT AS
SQUADRON
LEADER?

THANKS, BUT I'M OFF TO
AUSTRALIA-- I'VE JUST
DISCOVERED HOW TO HELP
LIEUTENANT JOHNSON!









I PROMISE TO
TELL THE TRUTH...



"THE SHIP'S LOG WILL
PROVE THAT LIEUTENANT
JOHNSON RESCUED ME
ON MARCH 5TH
AFTER MY PLANE
HAD BEEN FORCED
DOWN!"



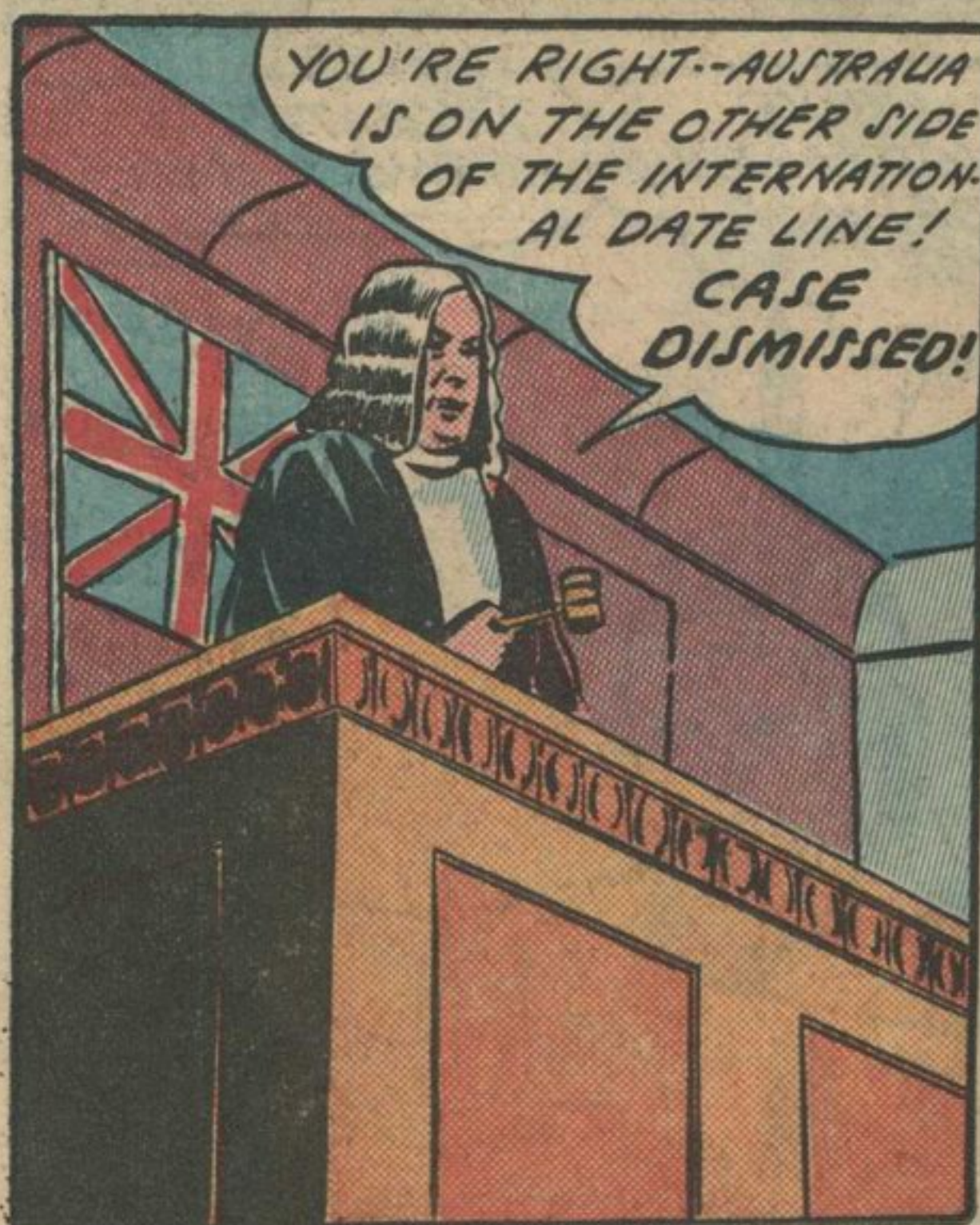
"ON MARCH 6TH, MAX
CRAVEN WAS MURDERED -
BUT LIEUTENANT JOHNSON
COULD NOT HAVE DONE IT!"



WHY NOT?
HE FLEW
BACK TO
AUSTRALIA
ON MARCH
5TH!



THERE'S YOUR PROOF -- THE
5TH ON THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER
LOG - BUT IT WAS ALREADY
MARCH 6TH IN AUSTRALIA!



YOU'RE RIGHT--AUSTRALIA
IS ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE INTERNATION-
AL DATE LINE!
CASE
DISMISSED!

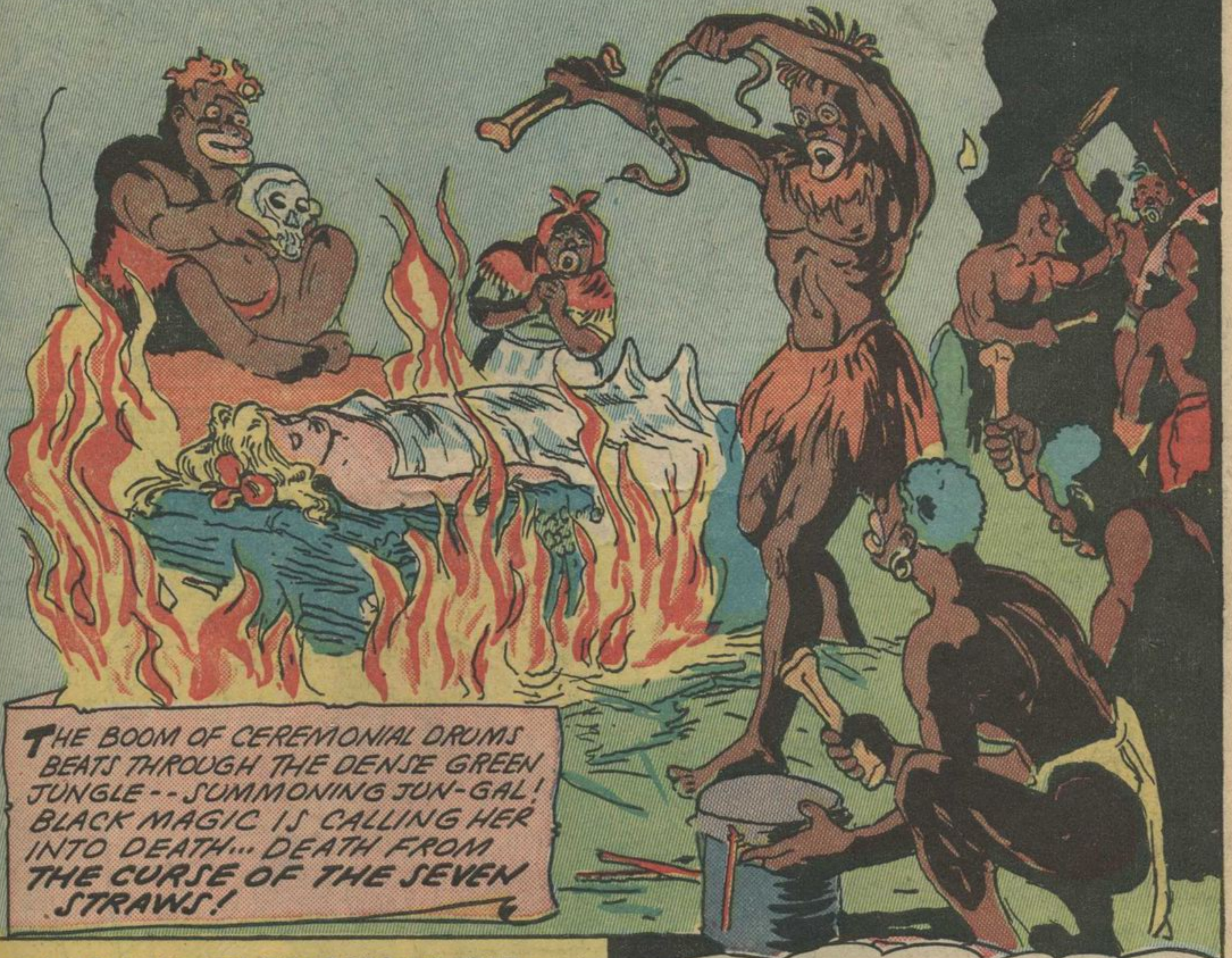


REDHAWK,
HOW CAN I
THANK YOU?

WE'RE EVEN!
YOU PULLED
ME OUT OF
A MESS NOT
SO LONG AGO!

FOLLOW THE AMAZING ADVENTURES
OF REDHAWK IN THESE PAGES NEXT
MONTH AS HE FIGHTS ON FOR FREEDOM!

JUN-GAL



THE BOOM OF CEREMONIAL DRUMS BEATS THROUGH THE DENSE GREEN JUNGLE-- SUMMONING JUN-GAL! BLACK MAGIC IS CALLING HER INTO DEATH... DEATH FROM THE CURSE OF THE SEVEN STRAWS!

JUN-GAL, WHITE GODDESS OF THE SAVAGE TAGOMA TRIBE, INVESTIGATES A SUDDEN COMMOTION IN THE VILLAGE COMPOUND...

MAH GOODNESS, WHAT A FUSS DEY IS MAKIN'!

MY WARRIORS SEEM TO HAVE CAPTURED SOMETHING -- OR SOMEONE!

TENAKI, JUN-GAL! WE HAVE FOUND THIS ONE STEALING FROM OUR VILLAGE!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

JUN-GAL, HE IS ONE OF GOMAMBI TRIBE!





WABOONA TURNS AND RACES FOR THE JUNGLE!

I KILL HIM, THE EVIL ONE!

STAY--THE GOMAMBI ARE NOT FRIENDLY BUT, WE DO NOT WISH WAR!

HONEYCHILE, WABOONA WILL MAKE BAD MEDICINE FO' LI'L JUN-GAL! HE GIVE YO' PLENTY O' MISERY!

NONSENSE, MAMMY! THEY DON'T WANT TO FIGHT US--THEY WOULD LIKE TO STEAL OUR CROPS THOUGH!

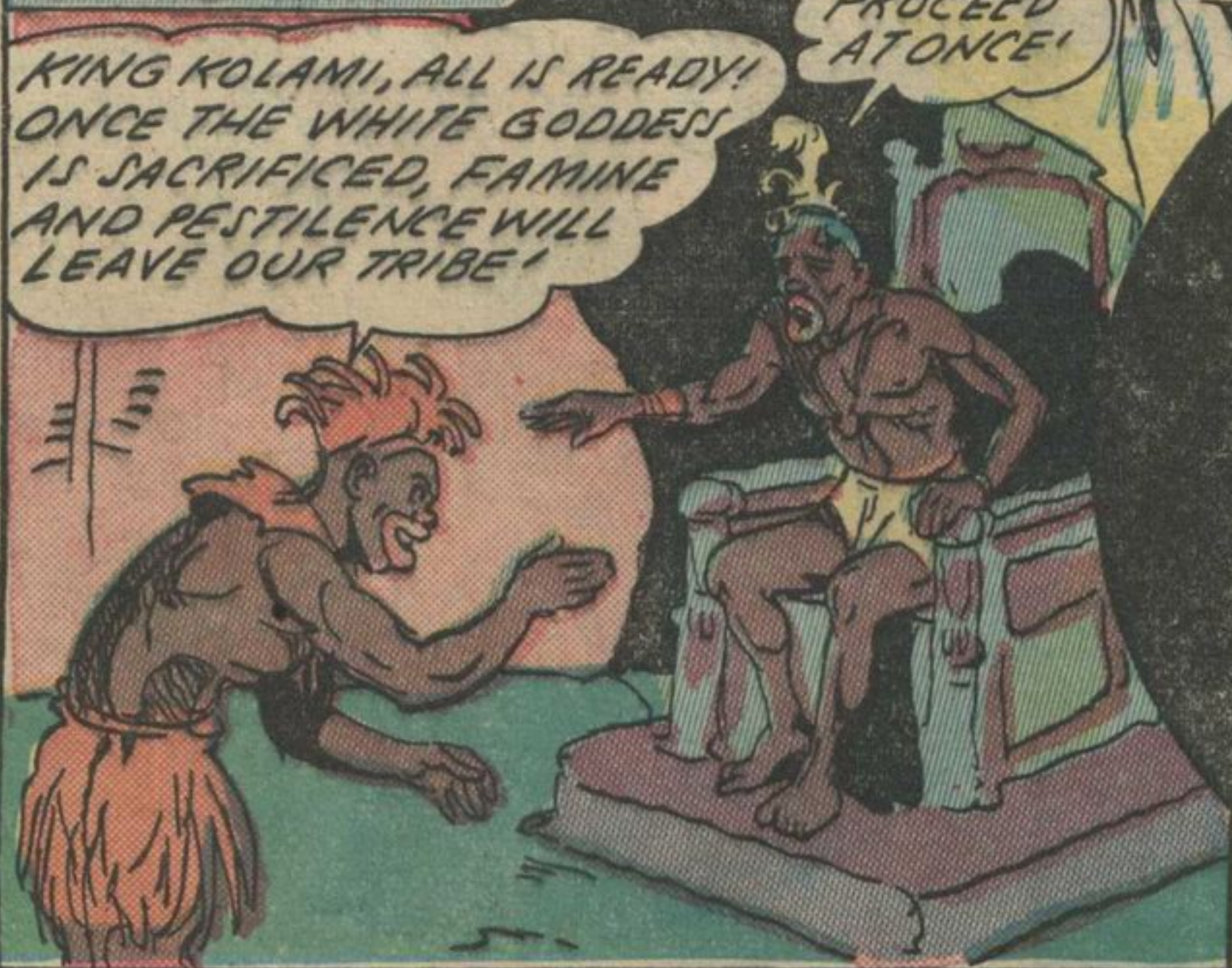


LATER, WABOONA APPEARS BEFORE HIS GOMAMBI CHIEF...

KING KOLAMI, ALL IS READY! ONCE THE WHITE GODDESS IS SACRIFICED, FAMINE AND PESTILENCE WILL LEAVE OUR TRIBE!

PROCEED AT ONCE!

MY WITCHCRAFT WILL NOT FAIL, OH, KING!



WABOONA GATHERS THE TRIBE TOGETHER AT THE CEREMONIAL GROUNDS--

BEAT YOUR DRUMS--WE DANCE FOR DEATH TO JUNGAL!

SEVEN STRAWS FOR THE SEVEN EVILS...



A FIGURE OF JUN-GAL IN THE CIRCLE OF EVILS!



BEHOLD, THE FIRES ARE LIGHTED! SHE IS SURROUNDED BY FLAME! JUNGAL, COME!



BACK IN THE TAGOMA VILLAGE, JUN-GAL SEEMS TO QUIET HER WARRIORS! SUDDENLY---

WAR WITH THEM FOR ENTERING OUR VILLAGE!

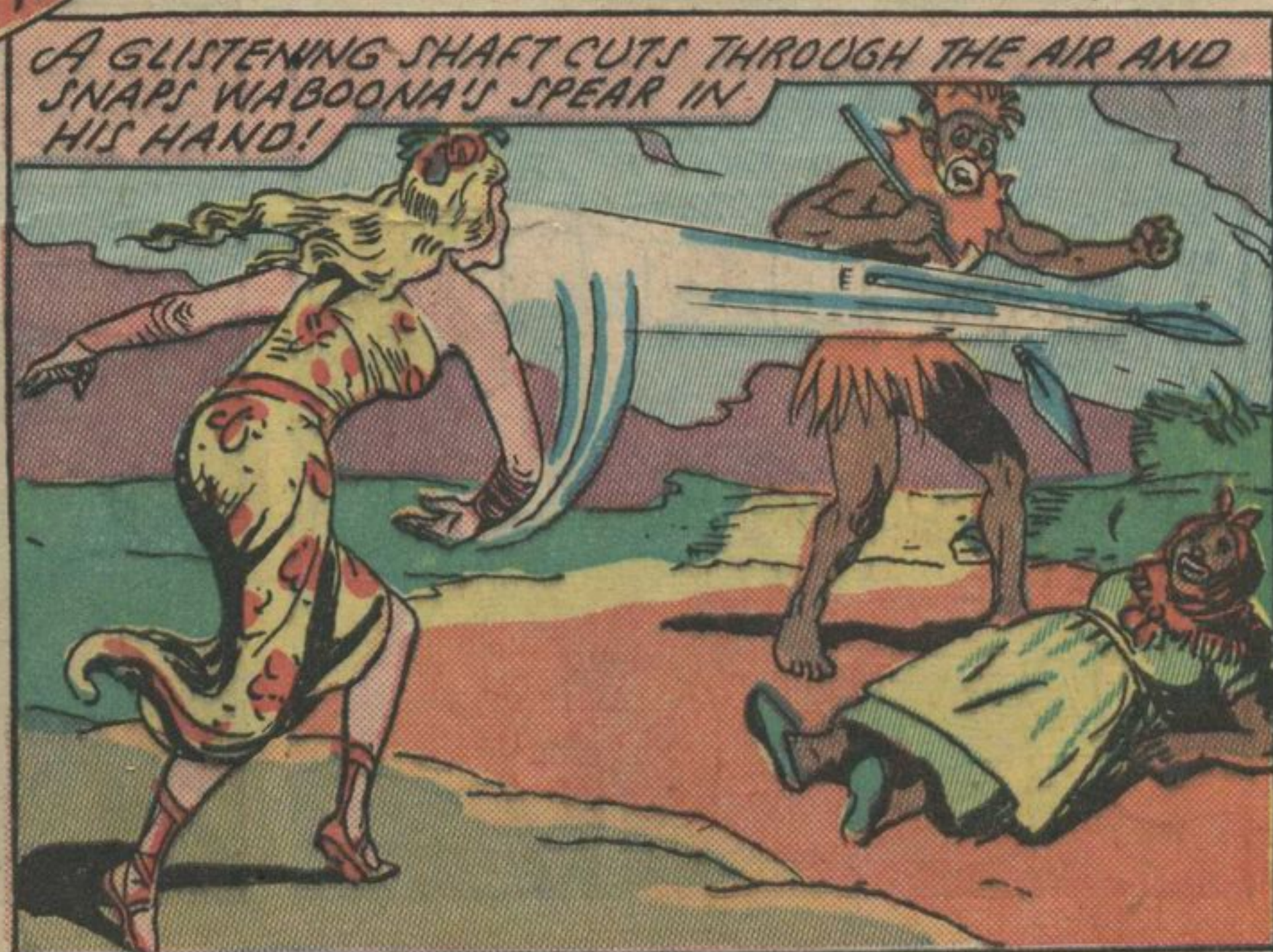
PEACE! PEACE!



WABOONA'S BLACK MAGIC TAKES EFFECT! JUN-GAL RISES SWIFTLY FROM HER THRONE - WALKS RIGIDLY THROUGH THE RING OF STARING SUBJECTS!

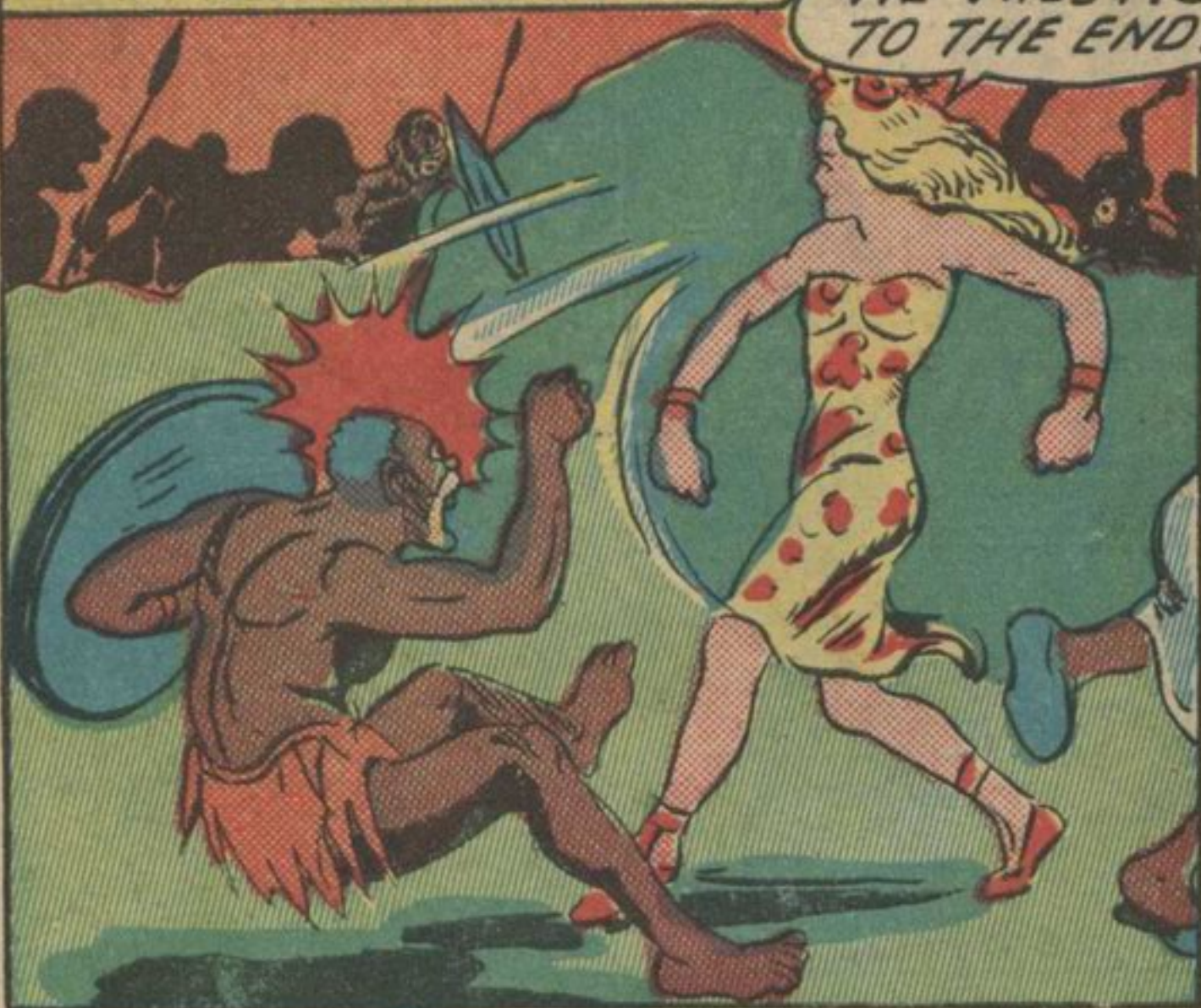






THE GOMAMBI PRESS IN IN RESPONSE TO WABOONA'S URGING!

WE WILL FIGHT TO THE END!



MAYBE I CAN STOP THIS-- I MUST GET THEIR ATTENTION, THOUGH!



JUN-GAL BEATS STRONGLY ON THE HUGE CEREMONIAL DRUM---

GOOD-THEY'VE STOPPED FIGHTING!



GOMAMBI! TAGOMAS! LISTEN! WE HAVE BEEN ENEMIES TOO LONG! WHY SHOULD WE NOT GIVE YOU THE FOOD YOU NEED IN RETURN FOR OTHER THINGS WE LACK?



THE GOMAMBI CHIEF STEPS FORWARD...

JUN-GAL SPEAKS WELL! WABOONA IS THE EVIL WE MUST DESTROY!



FEARFUL OF HIS FATE IF TAKEN BY HIS OWN TRIBE, WABOONA DESTROY HIMSELF IN THE FIRE HE MADE FOR JUN-GAL!

TENAKI! WABOONA DIES!



EVIL DOES INDEED DIE IN THE FLAMES! LONG MAY OUR TRIBES LIVE IN PEACE!



WHAT STRANGE ADVENTURE LURKS IN THE JUNGLE FOR THE YOUNG GODDESS? READ JUN-GAL'S NEW STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLAZING COMICS!

MR. REE

MR. REE PROVES THAT A GAMBLER'S ACE UP HIS SLEEVE IS THE CARD THAT WILL ALWAYS TRIP HIM UP -- ESPECIALLY IF HE'S OUT TO FLEECE UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS!



CAMP GREENLY--SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PRIVATE? WHY THE GLOOM?

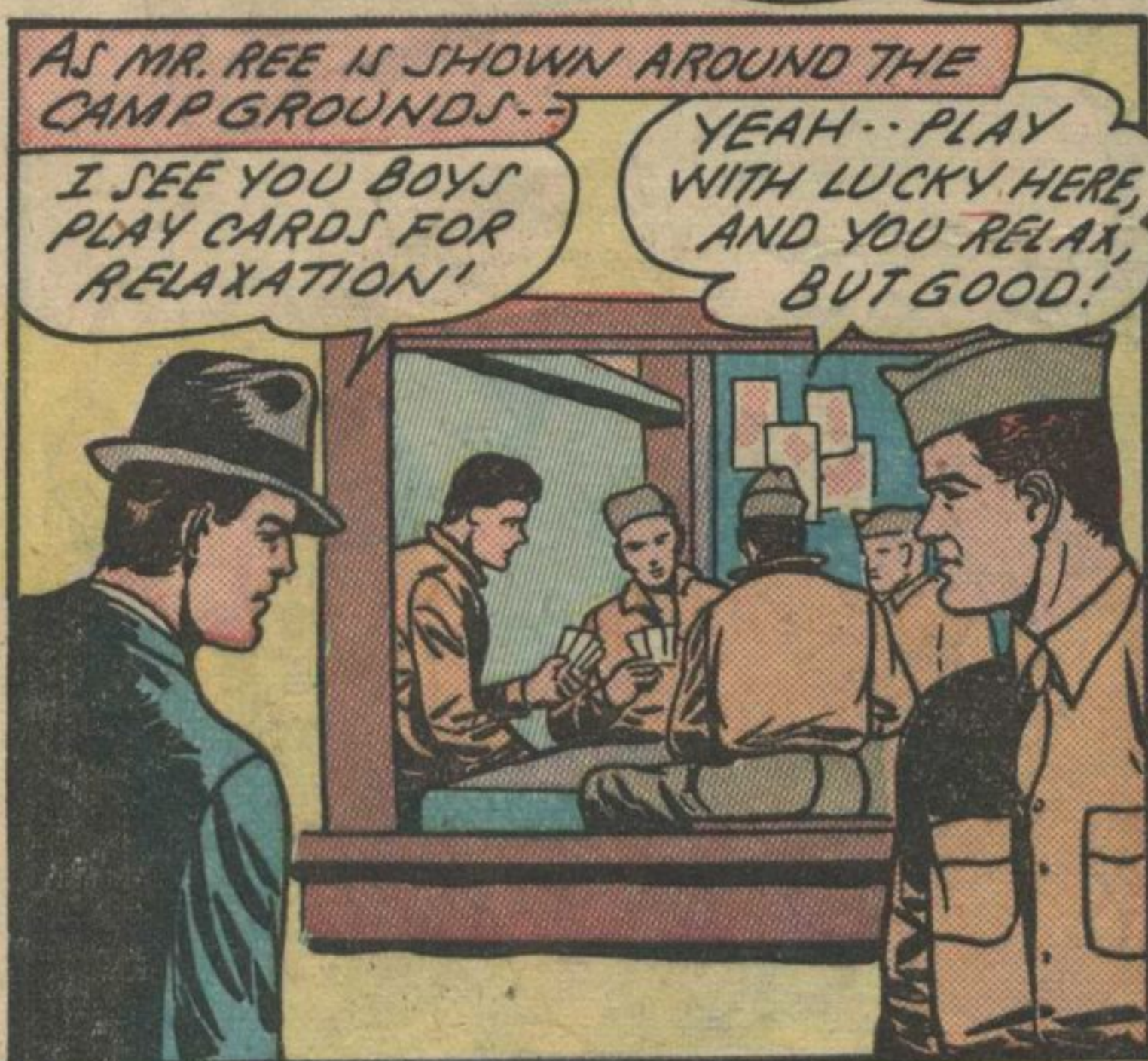
OH, HELLO, SIR! IT'S JUST...



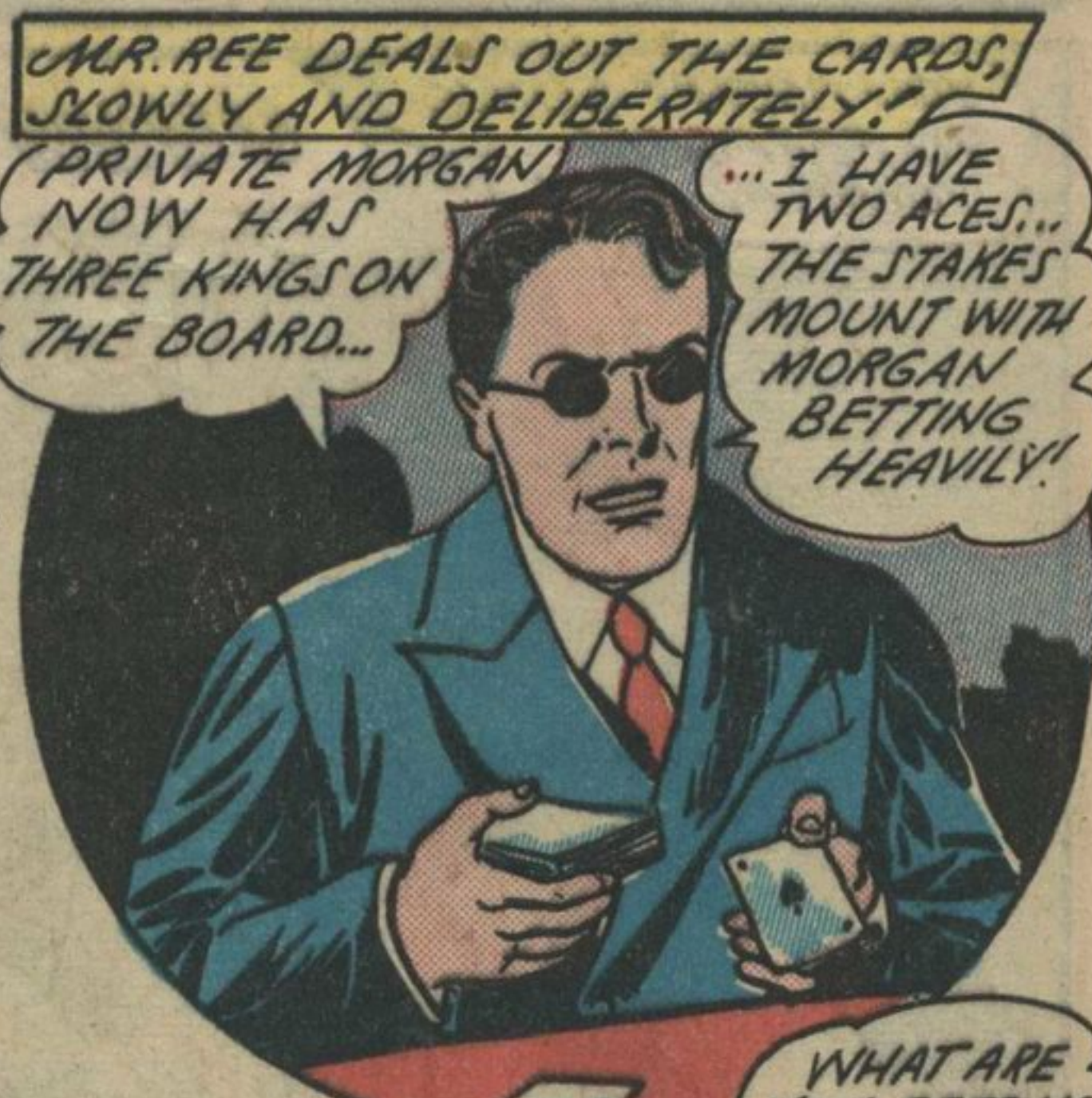
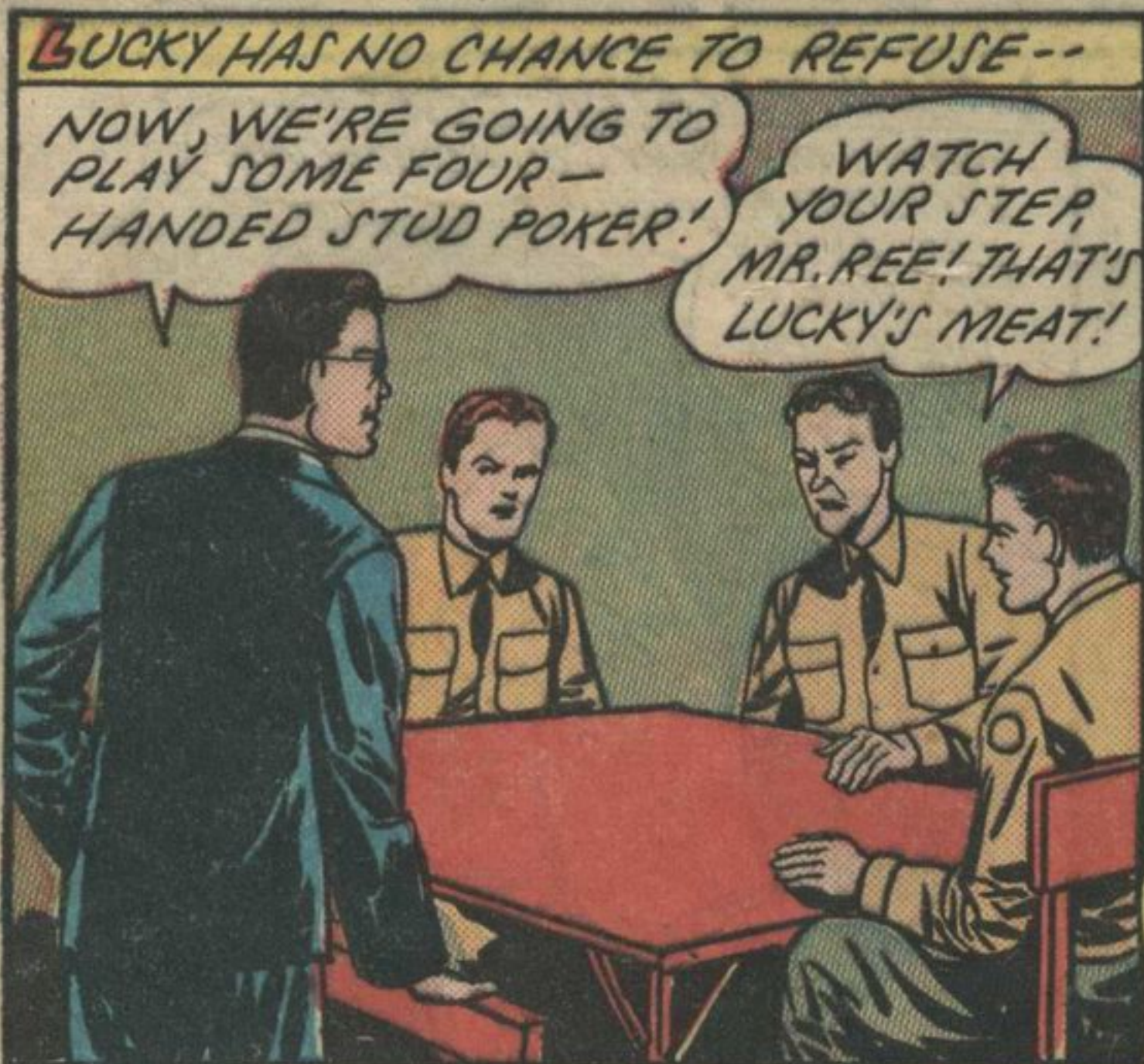
SEE? MORGAN'S INFERNAL LUCK AGAIN, SIR-- HE KIND OF CLEANED ME OUT AGAIN!

I GATHER HE'S BEEN GETTING THE PAY OF MOST OF YOU FELLOWS!











WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, MISTER!

OH, GETTING TOUGH AGAIN, EH?



WELL, LOOK CLOSELY AT THESE!

OWW-- MY EYES!



AND, HERE'S THE FINAL BLOW!

YEOW!



MR. REE, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

I'LL BE HAPPY TO SHOW YOU, COLONEL!



MORGAN IS A CARD SHARP, SIR-- HE'S BEEN TAKING THE BOYS OVER! THIS IS HIS WATCH-- I TOOK IT OFF THE ARM OF A PERSON WHO ATTACKED ME EARLIER! SEE!



BUT-- WHY WOULD MORGAN ATTACK YOU?

I PRESUME HE WAS AFRAID I MIGHT EXPOSE HIM-- THAT'S MY BUSINESS, YOU KNOW!



IN A GOOD, CLEAN GAME, LUCK PLAYS A BIG PART-- BUT MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THE VERY LUCKY FELLOW IS A CARD SHARP!

SEE MR. REE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLAZING COMICS!

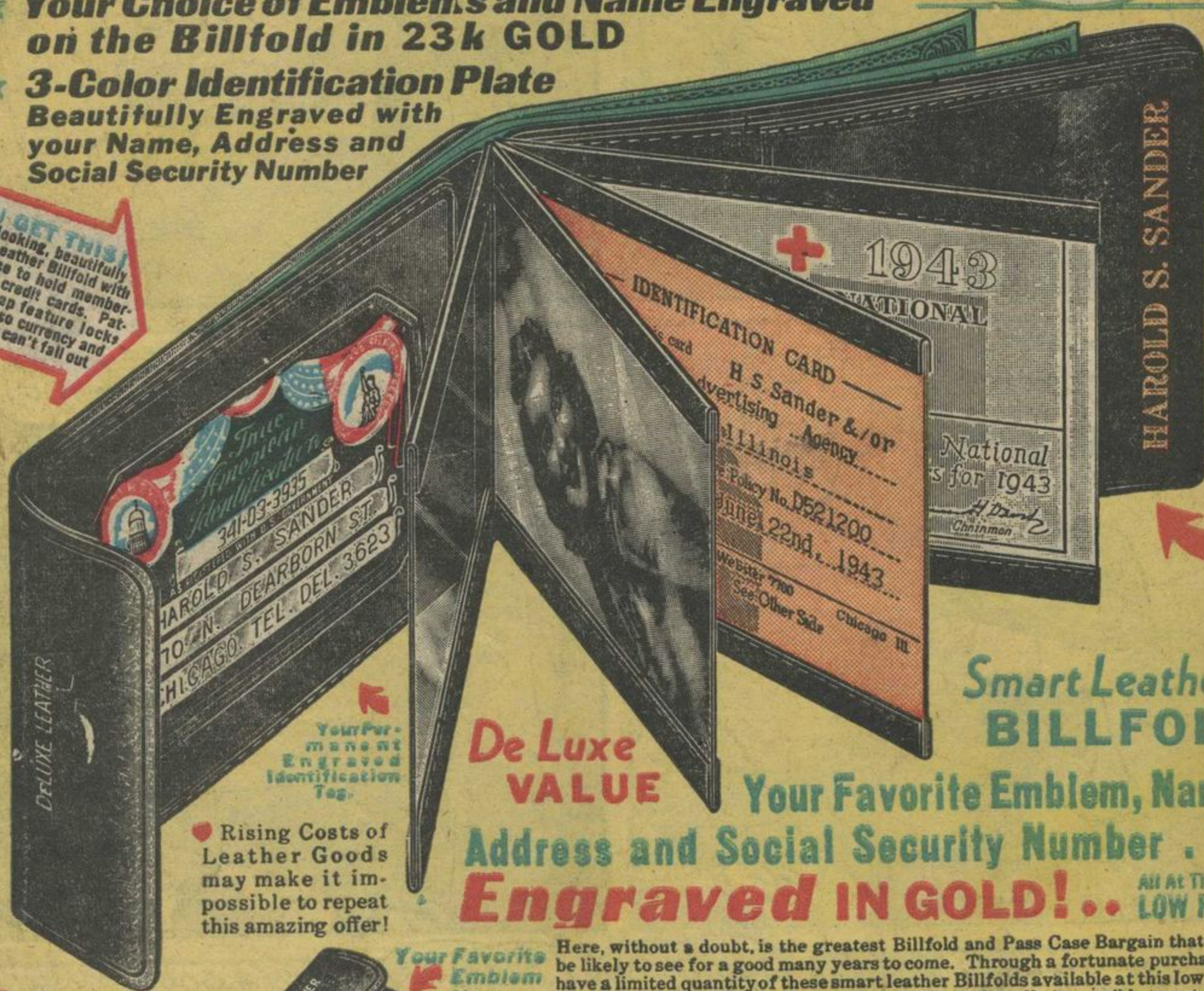
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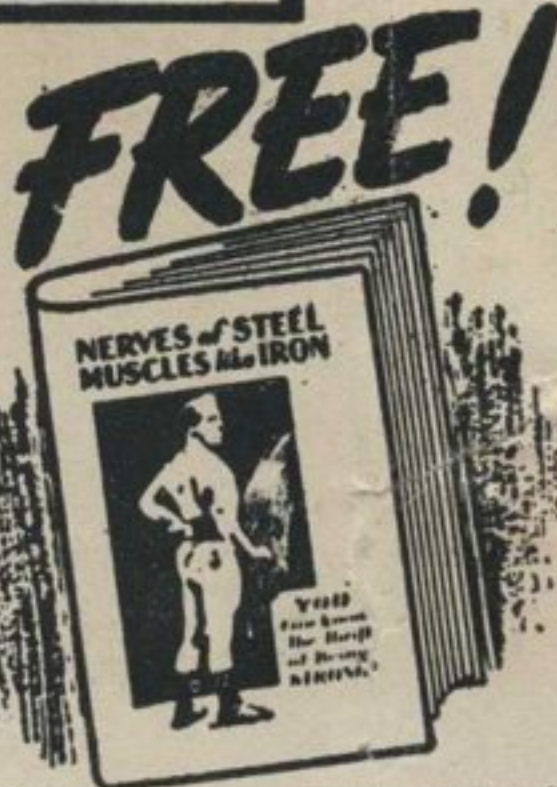
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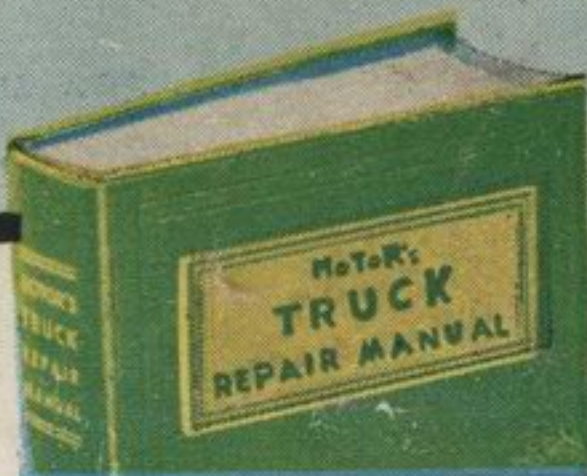
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